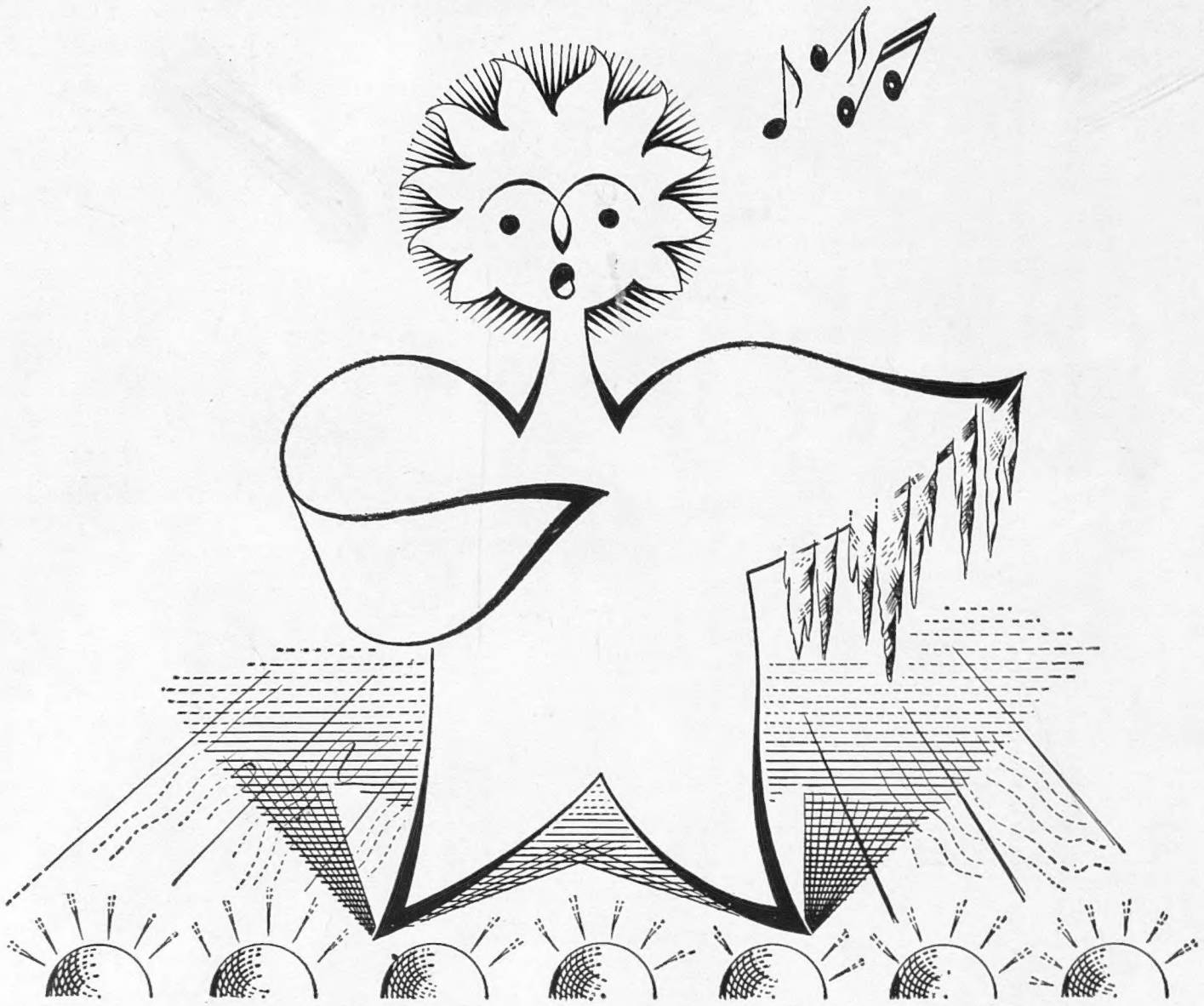
BRITANNIA and Eve

AUGUST, 1954

TWO SHILLINGS



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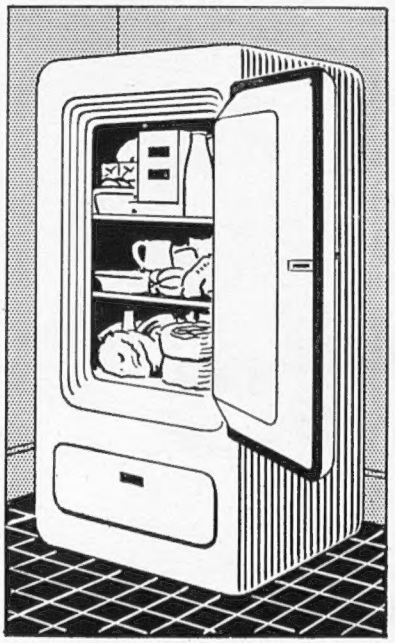

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BRITANNIA and Eve

VOL. 49. NO. 2

AUGUST 1954

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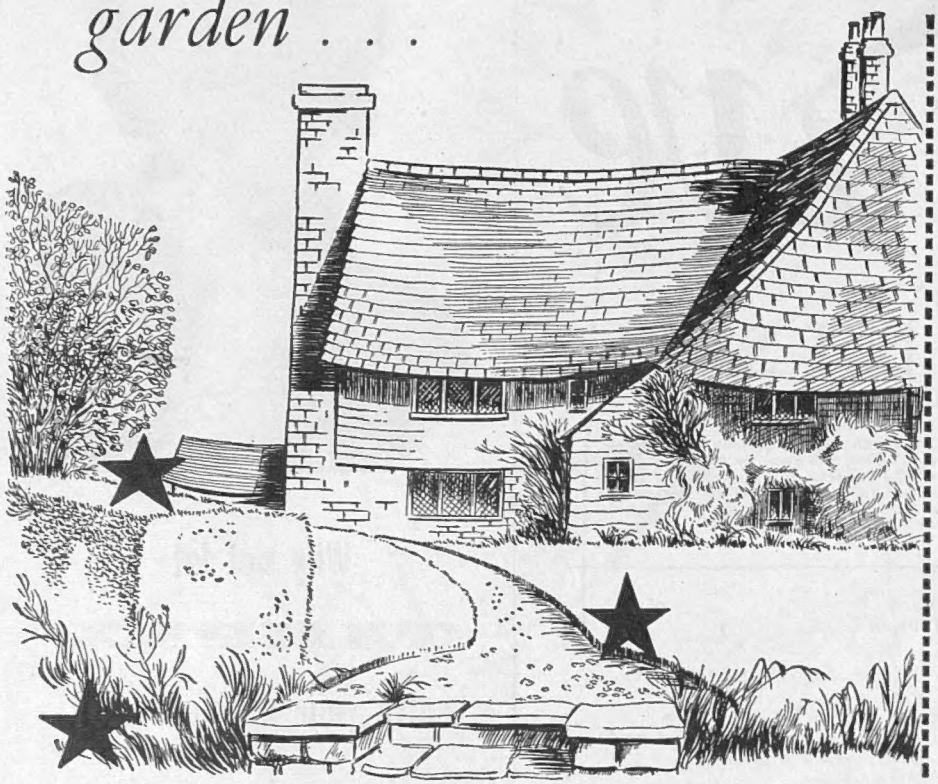

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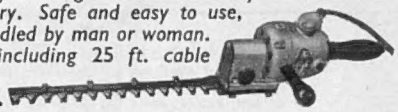

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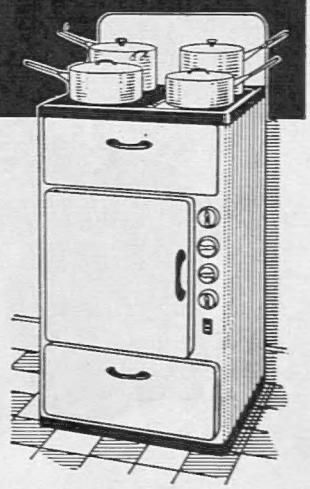

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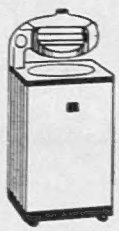
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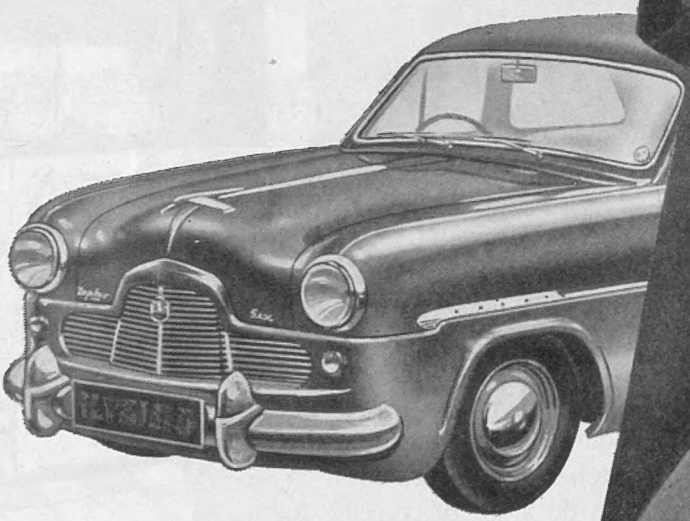


Zephyr 6

FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

Coat and Dress by Ronald Paterson

If Grandpère was sometimes lonely he never said so, but perhaps the memory of a slim and dark-eyed girl lingered . . .

Paris Encounter

By MARGERIE SCOTT

Illustrations by WYLES

EVERYONE in St. Martin-le-comte, a village which you will not find marked on any map of the province of Quebec because it is too small, knew all about Grand'mère, although few of them had ever seen her. Grand'mère had married Grandpère when he was on his one trip to Paris, and had come back with him and their baby daughter to the white-washed farm-house at the edge of the village.

Grand'mère then did the two things for which she was remembered; she made Grandpère colour-wash the little white house a vivid pink, and after enduring one arctic winter and one blistering summer in it, she packed up and went back to Paris. Worse than all that, she left her baby daughter behind her, lying in an old walnut cradle in the kitchen, with a note pinned to her little dress. The note was addressed to Grandpère and it said : "Ah, *chéri*, I am sorry,

"Madame," he said gently, "are you in trouble of any sort?"

but this life is of a sadness insupportable! I go."

So Grand'mère went, and that might have been all that was ever known about her, if war had not started in 1939, and if Jean-Jacques Josset had not gone off to fight in it, spent a leave in Paris, and against all chance and likelihood, run into Grand'mère, dispensing smiles and coffee in a canteen for soldiers.

But before that, it is necessary to go back a little, to the baby left behind in the walnut cradle with a note pinned to her dress. That baby was Maman, who grew up to be a very pretty girl and in due course married Papa, whose other name was Aristide Fougasse. A baby girl was born to these two also, whom they called Françine and who soon became the prettiest girl anyone in St. Martin-le-comte had ever seen, and with whom, of course, Jean-Jacques Josset was passionately in love.

Grandpère, Maman and Papa and Françine lived very happily together in the farm-house which by now had faded to a more *convenable* shade of quite pale pink, and if Grandpère was sometimes lonely for the vanished and almost legendary Grand'mère, he never said so, but he sometimes looked at Françine and sighed sharply, as if there was something in the turn of her smooth black head and the sparkle of her dark eyes, which took him back in memory to another slim and dark-eyed girl, for so Grand'mère had naturally remained in his heart.

FRANCINE was sixteen when Jean-Jacques Josset, handsome in his uniform, went away to fight, and although many girls in St. Martin were fiancées and even married at that age, Maman and Papa had other ideas, and so Jean-Jacques was obliged to go away with nothing but the memory of Françine's warm young arms around his neck and her promise to be faithful for the duration of the war (which everyone in the village knew could last for only three months at the outside) to comfort him. That she did indeed keep her promise was due partly to the fact that she was a *jeune fille bien élévée*, and partly to the fact that all the young men from the village had gone away either to fight or to work in war-factories, and there was really nobody left at all except Alfred Laforge, the widower at the *boulangerie*, who was forty-five if he was a minute, and M. le curé who, of course, didn't count.

Françine knitted and sewed with the other girls and giggled with them about how it would be when the young men came home again, and wrote fairly often to Jean-Jacques whom, after two or three years had passed, she could hardly remember. His image came back to her with complete clarity (slim hips, dark hair, grey eyes, shy smile) when the letter came telling how, in the beautiful city which Grand'mère had found she could not live without, Jean-Jacques had had his first amazing encounter.

The Germans had come and gone away again (and it is by no means certain that while they were there, Grand'mère did not dispense smiles and coffee to them as well) and at last it was possible for Jean-Jacques and his friends to go there on leave. He had actually managed, with the mixture of charm and cunning for which a Frenchman is justly famous, to go there several times, before he found his way to the canteen in a small street off the Faubourg St. Honoré where Grand'mère was one of the principal attractions, and he noticed her at once, because, as he explained afterwards, she had a *je ne sais quoi* which made it impossible not to.

Smiling prettily, Grand'mère asked him where he came from, and Jean-Jacques said politely that it was a village of such smallness that one never heard of it, and its name was St. Martin-le-comte. At this, Jean-Jacques said, when he told the story later, Grand'mère gave a sort of little screech of laughter, and told him that *au contraire*, she knew it very well and had found it of a dullness insupportable, and one year of it had been more than enough for her.

After that, of course, the whole story came out, but even then, Jean-Jacques said, he found it impossibly hard to believe, because Grand'mère, slim as a reed, with her black eyes sparkling like a girl's and her beautiful hair without a thread of grey in it, didn't look at all like anybody's grandmother, except that now and then, he caught a faint resemblance to Françine.

The grandmothers he remembered in St. Martin were either big and soft like *duvets* tied loosely in the middle, or small and dried-up looking; none of them, he was sure, wore lipstick of a gay bright pink, or tinkled with an armload of silver bracelets, or gave out a sweet and rather heady perfume of flowers as they passed. Jean-Jacques, in

fact, found Grand'mère very shocking indeed and also completely fascinating.

"*Ta Grand'mère,*" he wrote carefully to Françine, "*est une femme bien charmante,*" which was putting it fairly mildly, because Grand'mère was not only a very charming woman, she was practically charm itself.

AFTER that first visit, Jean-Jacques went back as often as he could manage it, and he told Grand'mère all about the farm and about Grandpère (he was a little shy about mentioning him, but Grand'mère only smiled sentimentally and told him to go on) and about Maman ("*ma petite bébé,*" Grand'mère cried, dabbing carefully at her beautiful dark lashes) and about Papa in whom she showed no interest whatever, and at last about Françine.

"What is she like, this Françine?" Grand'mère demanded.

"She is like you, madame," Jean-Jacques said simply and then he added, for he was a truthful boy, "she is, however, less beautiful."

"Ah!" Grand'mère cried, "you find me beautiful, me so old and worn and tired?" She sparkled at him so vividly as she spoke that Jean-Jacques was obliged to close his eyes for a second, and say the single word "*Grand'mère*" over to himself several times with some sternness, in case he forgot who she was and let himself go in a burst of Gallic compliments. Instead he mumbled shyly that yes indeed, he found her all that there is of the most beautiful, a reply which seemed to satisfy Grand'mère completely, as well it might.

The war years in Europe had taught Jean-Jacques many things he might never have learned at home in St. Martin-le-comte, and he soon found that mixed up with his excited admiration of Grand'mère there were a number of questions about what she had been doing all those years in Paris, particularly during the war while the Germans were there? How (and indeed if it came to that, with whom?) had she been living? What had she done for money?

It needed only one look at her, in a tiny jewelled hat and half-hidden in furs, being handed into staff-cars by a series of French, British and American officers, to realize

that she was what the boys in Jean-Jacques' outfit called a very expensive piece of homework, and even if Grandpère, forgiving to a point of sainthood, had been sending her money all that time, Jean-Jacques doubted very much if the farm on the edge of the village could earn enough in a whole year to pay for even one of the little hats she loved, or a pair of the beautiful shoes on her pretty feet.

The questions did not really worry him much, because he was having such a wonderful time (who else had such a glamorous creature to take to the E.N.S.A. shows in the lovely little Théâtre Marigny on the Champs Elysées?) until the letters began to arrive from St. Martin-le-comte, full of exclamations, surprise, curiosity, and what Jean-Jacques felt was a spirit of rather carping criticism.

"But how is she *charmante,*" wrote Françine, going straight to the heart of the matter, "since she must be very old?"

"If she is poor and suffering," wrote Maman, "we must try to help a little. She is after all my mother, although she has no doubt forgotten it."

"Of this one I have heard little good," Papa wrote bluntly, "you are a young man in a wicked city, Jean-Jacques. Do not give money to the mother of my wife without *many inquiries,*" the last words blackly underlined.

Grandpère did not write at all, and this Jean-Jacques felt he could understand, for whom, deserted by so delightful a creature as Grand'mère, could ever get over it?'

But how to answer the letters? How to explain that Grand'mère was certainly neither poor nor suffering, that if she was old she didn't look it, and that it made Jean-Jacques laugh to think that he might try to give her money out of his tiny pay as a Corporal? In the end he wrote that so far as he could see, Grand'mère needed nothing, that she was well and busy, that she sent them all her love (he made that bit up) and that on his last leave she had taken him to a dance in aid of war charities and taught him some South American dances he had not known before, and that upon his return he would teach them to Françine.

IT was only after the letter had gone that he began to think that Françine might find it of a strangeness *formidable* that he should go dancing with her Grand'mère, and that even Grandpère, abandoned there in his pink farm-house, might scowl at him the next time they met.

And quite suddenly it seemed that they might be going to meet again very soon, for Jean-Jacques' regiment was ordered home. He was not the only one, in those gay after-the-war days in Europe, who heard the news with dismay and wished that it all might have lasted a little longer. Home was dear, but Europe, with Paris glittering like a jewel in its crown, was as exciting as a new love-affair, and who wants to leave a love-affair while it is still new?

Grand'mère, when Jean-Jacques broke the news to her, seemed thoughtful and for the first time, she looked as tired as she ought to have looked.

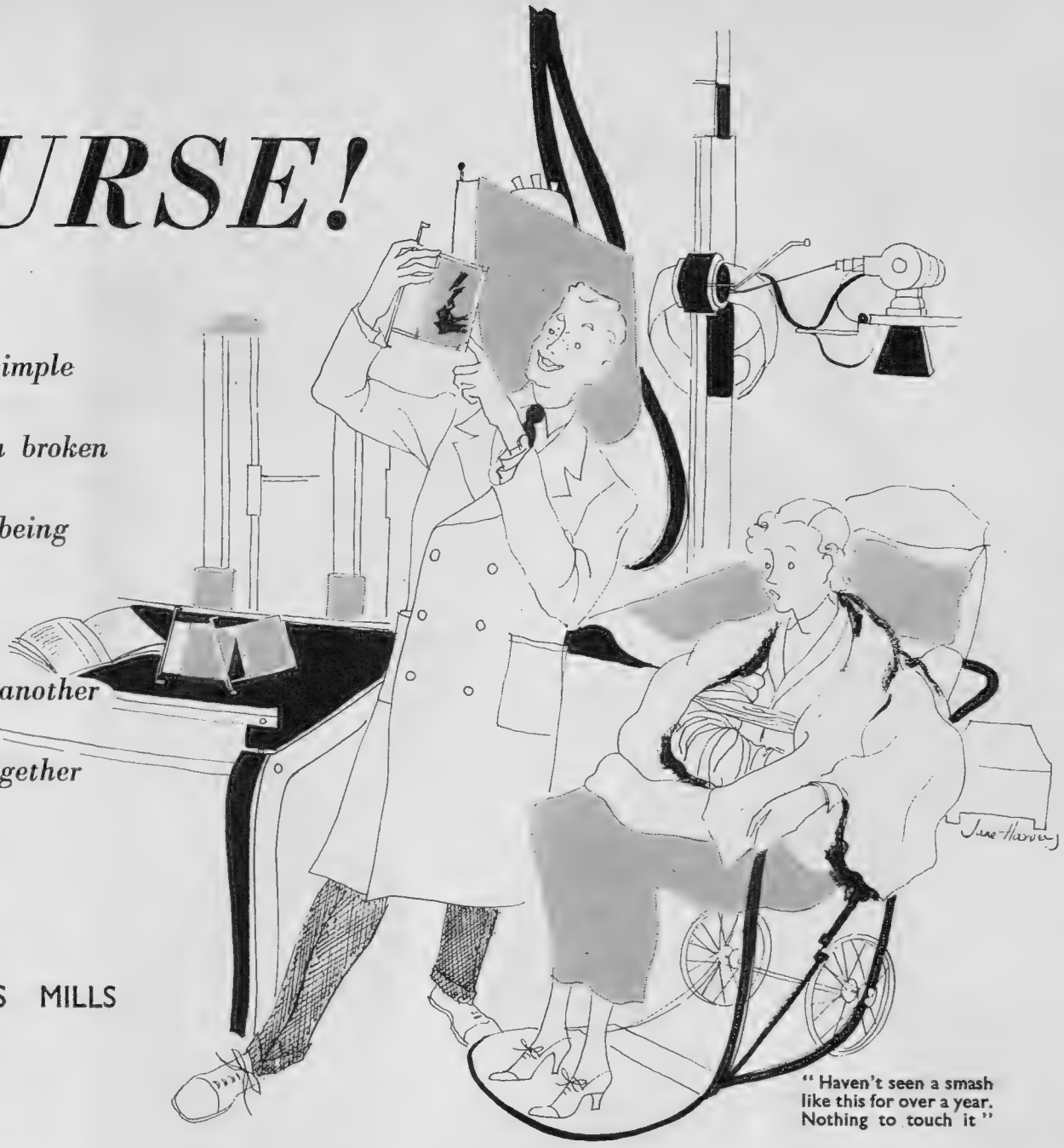
"Ah, *mon cher Jean-Jacques,*" she (*continued on page* 58)

The cables from St. Martin had lacked real enthusiasm, and Françine, naturally, had thought it unnecessary to cable at all

NURSE!

It seemed a simple matter having a broken arm set—but being "admitted" to hospital was another matter altogether

By PHYLLIS MILLS



"Haven't seen a smash like this for over a year. Nothing to touch it"

I AM an incurable optimist about letters. I have never outgrown the hope that one day I shall receive the news that my ship has come home. On this particular Monday morning the letters that made up the second postal delivery fluttered into the hall and I started to run downstairs to look at them.

But, as soon as I set foot on the first step, I caught my heel in a projecting piece of carpet, and lost my footing. Our staircase is built on the modern plan of going round corners, instead of ascending—or descending, if you like that better—in one straight flight. I descended it quickly enough now, taking the first corner in mid-air and landing with my elbow wedged in the angle of the skirting-board at the next.

My daughter ran out of the kitchen as I picked myself up, gingerly. I hadn't damaged my head, and I could stand up. But my right arm hung down in a very peculiar way: I couldn't move it. I responded wanly to Alison's solicitude and agreed that it would be a good idea for her to ring up the doctor. I didn't feel in the least faint and my arm didn't hurt, which surprised me. I walked upstairs and lay down on my bed, feeling thoroughly apologetic for bothering everyone like this. We are very fond of our doctor personally, and we always feel guilty when he has to attend to us professionally.

He was round in under three minutes: he had been at home between two cases. He said that I had broken my right arm—I must go to hospital to have it set, with an anæsthetic. He told Alison the hospital telephone number and which doctor to ask for, and, after that, to ring up for an ambulance. Had we anything that he could use for a splint and padding?

When I attended lectures on First Aid, long ago, we used to truss Boy Scouts into complete immobility with broom-handles and walking-sticks. We knotted bandages as tightly as possible and our splints were vice-like. I didn't find the memory cheering. It makes a great deal of difference to one's outlook if a bone is really broken.

But the doctor suggested corrugated cardboard and there was no need to bother about cotton-wool—had we any soft old rags?

We had a shaming collection in the bottom drawer of the scullery chest of drawers. Alison brought them—ragged slips and briefs and nylons which the family had worn beyond the last shred. But they were just what was needed. The finished splint was a work of art and it was tied to the rest of me by two nylons knotted together. An injection of morphia had made me pleasantly muzzy and I watched all this in a detached frame of mind.

THE ambulance came at this point and I walked downstairs unaided, which seemed to surprise the driver. Alison offered to come with me and I was tucked up in a warm blanket and we set off. My arm had begun to hurt a good deal: our road is rough and uneven and the jolting was unpleasant. But we were both interested in the clanging bell and in the provisions made for the arrival of a baby before you had reached the hospital.

(*Continued on page* 58)

There

Barbara Woodhouse, well known for her theory of breaking in horses by breathing into their noses, is achieving miracles of obedience from problem pupils at her school for naughty dogs

are no *BAD* dogs!

By ANNE FOREST

Barbara Woodhouse

"THERE are no bad dogs," says Barbara Woodhouse firmly, "or, at least, very few dogs are born bad. If they are disobedient, it is generally because they have not been taught any better. When a dog is naughty, I make him understand that isn't the kind of behaviour I approve of, and he doesn't do it any more."

Unbelievable? Not when you have watched Mrs. Woodhouse put her ideas into practice at her school for naughty dogs. It is a revelation in canine-human relations to see her transform a recalcitrant Alsatian into an alert, obedient, lovable creature. It 's no sinecure controlling a fierce, heavy dog, bent on going its own headstrong way. There is a moment when the battle of wills comes down to sheer brute force—Mrs. Woodhouse's wrists of steel against the dog's powerful weight. Then it is all over. The great Alsatian is as docile as a lap-dog and obviously her obedient slave for life.

It is, of course, simple for Mrs. Woodhouse, who is gifted with a rare command over all animals. But by her own personal example and enthusiasm more than the practical technique of dog-handling, Mrs. Woodhouse demonstrates at her classes how to master and maintain control of a problem pet.

Mrs. Woodhouse admits to her dog-training classes all the so-called "bad" dogs who fight and bite, as well as the disobedient and unruly ones. After a month or so at school, they have miraculously become companionable and obedient. The aim of the class is not to turn every pet dog into an obedience test prize-winner, but to make him well behaved and manageable.

Newcomers to the school for naughty dogs live well up to their reputation on first arrival, but only at first. A firm command to stop barking or whatever is met with canine surprise—and obedience. An aggressive little terrier with a tendency to go for its classmates is firmly paraded up and down in front of the "class" until it has learnt to leave other dogs alone.

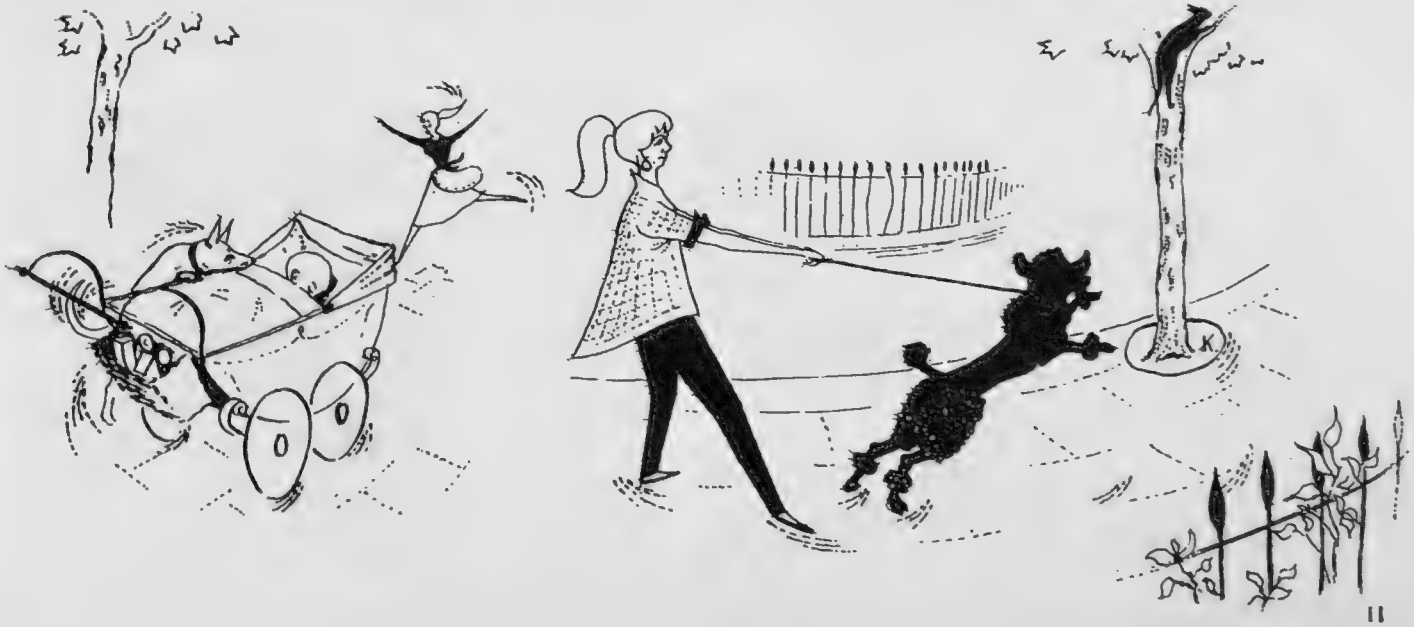
Silence and order now reigns over the dog assembly, and a bizarre assortment of pets lines up for the first lesson. Dogs and owners form a circle and round and round the hall they march, bulldog stepping on the heels of Scottie, Great Dane following Peke, big dogs, little dogs, all democratically learning the lesson of walking to heel.

The underlying, although unspoken, principle of the training is to create a better understanding between pet and owner, respect on the part of the dog, trust on the part of the human. The owner has to learn to give a command and expect obedience, just as the dog has to learn to understand the command and obey it.

AFTER the canine lesson well learnt, then the reward. "Love your dogs" is the startling order which terminates each lesson. Down go owners on their knees to give their pets a rewarding cuddle, a rather embarrassed performance on the part of the more inhibited folk, more spontaneous by those who have caught some of Mrs. Woodhouse's vitality and infectious enthusiasm for the job.

For firmness and praise, according to Mrs. Woodhouse, are the two essentials in training a dog. Let the dog see that you are determined to be obeyed, then let it see that you are pleased he is obedient. To command without praising is to turn a pet into a cringing, browbeaten creature, and no animal-lover wants that.

If the dogs sometimes appear to learn the routine rather quicker than their masters and mistresses, that is because they have the much easier lesson to learn of obeying the command. Giving the command, in a tone of voice that the dog will know, recognise and obey, with all the patience and persistence that training an animal calls for, is a much more difficult task, even though it is a fascinating and rewarding one. If Mrs. Woodhouse sometimes wishes that the human half of her class would take lessons in voice production, it merely shows the importance she places on giving clear, incisive commands the dog can understand.



Let him be HIMSELF . . .

. . . he is a real person, not the image of your own ideal

By KATHLEEN WALLACE

I FOUND it, between its limp suède covers, faded to the nasty colour of dried peas, on the market bookstall under the cathedral towers. And bought it—for sixpence—because, between those limp covers lie quite a lot of what the poet, Calverly, named " *The days of my greenness and salad . . .*" and sixpence is not too much for a return ticket to one's salad days. *The Rubaiyat of Omar Kayyam.* As I stood turning the mildewed pages, I was back in the days of intoxicating adolescence when it seemed one of the marvellous poems of the world. And then in slightly later days, when I learned how beautifully it was set to music by Lisa Lehmann as *Songs from a Persian Garden.* It was a voice, singing, which followed me as I went on my way through the steep streets :

Ah, Love ! Could you and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire ?

Not very many of us, let 's be thankful, visualise quite such a mammoth undertaking. But it is astonishing how many people feel an urge to alter individuals ! And not only an urge, but a comfortable conviction that they can do it.

In this connection, we need not consider dictators, tyrants, or persons diseased by a power-complex. We only have to reckon with the average normal human being to find ourselves confronted by this impulse and this belief.

It never ceases to surprise me. It reminds me, every time that I encounter it, of certain disturbing pictures of children playing with dangerous elements. Children on an empty beach, with an unexploded bomb. Children with gas-taps and electric switches, the electric iron, the kettle, even the carving-knife . . .

" *It 's an awkward thing to play with souls,*" wrote Browning. It 's more than awkward. It 's dangerous. It 's also—to my mind—incredibly conceited . . .

Let me make myself clear. I am thinking in terms of the adult person who sets out in belief and endeavour to alter some other adult. (Usually almost any or every other adult, if they have the habit at all. It 's a highly spreading one, like measles.) I am not speaking of the heroic field of work which seeks to reclaim those who have strayed into evil and to bring them to the service of humanity and of God. Only of the person who, like you or me, doesn't care for the spiritual or mental shape of the other fellow's nose, and who (unlike you or me, I pray ?) sets out to do some facial surgery. Loving and well-meaning parents are numbered among these, who in their anxiety for the ultimate shape of a young individuality, try to fashion it according to their own conception of perfection with, I believe, unhappy results.

I could compile a case-book from the examples which come into even my limited orbit. They differ in many things but have one thing in common : these well-meaning remoulders are at one in being blind to the possibility that the elements in hand could conceivably be encouraged to develop instead of being altered.

They remind me of an incident (also belonging to my pea-green salad days), when a story which I wrote was returned to me by a critic with this terse message pencilled in the margin : " Why the hell do you waste such good material ! " Somewhat shaken, I took his meaning : it became the nucleus of my first novel.

I WOULD like, by your leave, at this point, to indulge in a brief orgy of changed (not mixed) metaphors. This business of re-shaping bothers me, quite a lot. . . . It is so very uncomfortable. It is sometimes even painful. And, as I have just said, it is nearly always sheer waste. Waste of effort and energy on one part—because it very seldom comes off—and waste of worth-while material on the other, which does not need changing but only using . . .

I think of a master-craftsman in carpentry who ran his hand down a plank as tenderly as though he touched a Stradivarius : and said to me, (*Continued on page* 60)

"Just a minute!" The sharpness in the girl's voice spun him round

By

JACQUES

GILLIES

You Can't Run Away

Illustrations by

SAWYER

THE Guard Serjeant's face was lumpy, as if he'd battered his way up to his brief authority. Also he spoke hoarsely. "You understand I'm not supposed to let you in without uniform, sir." His shapeless lips smiled apologetically. "It's against Station Orders."

Beresford put his papers back in his pocket. "You needn't worry, Serjeant. Open the gates!"

The Serjeant stood away uncertainly. The battered face registered the conflict in his mind. Suddenly he hooked a thumb at the sentry. "Open up."

Beresford drove slowly through and followed the avenue of lime-washed stones that led to the transport park. He stopped on the edge of it and climbed loosely out of the car. There was a cinder path leading to the Administration Block and he was half-way along it when he heard the girl's voice.

"Just a minute!" The sharpness of it spun him round. He looked down at her. She had short, blonde hair and dark, indeterminate eyes. The set of her oval face, looking up critically at Beresford's own, was imperious. She hadn't battered her way up, she'd been born to it. She said "I don't know how you got here, but this is War Department property."

"I'm sorry, Section Officer." He felt for his papers again. All this authority was making him tired. "Fact is, I've just arrived, and . . ."

"The guard have orders to admit no civilian without an escort. You'd better come with me."

Beresford had his papers out. "I'm not a civilian, I've just been posted here."

"Anyone can have papers," said the Section Officer coolly. She led the way towards the Administration Block.

He caught up with her. "Look, Section Officer, you're dropping a clanger. Give me a minute to explain . . ."

He ruffled her short, blonde hair. "It's like silver," he said, and kissed her

"You can explain to the Adjutant." She opened the orderly room door and they went in. "Wait here," she said, and went through a further door. Peter Beresford stood against the partition wall and looked helplessly at the two clerks.

After a moment the Adjutant's door opened again and the Section Officer motioned him to go in. Then she went by him again, without a word, her duty done.

THE Adjutant was young, with a brushed-up moustache. As he opened his mouth Beresford said "Save it. I 'm Beresford, the new Commanding Officer. Where 's my office ? "

The Adjutant's mouth opened and closed. Then he said, "Through there, sir."

"Right. Ring the transport office and tell them to send someone over with my grip. It 's in the car. I 'll change before somebody else arrests me." As the Adjutant picked up his telephone he went through into his office and looked around. He came back again as the other man was hanging up. "Where 's Wing-Commander Foster ? "

"He flew out an hour ago, sir. There wasn't much light left. He said he thought you wouldn't mind. Everything's in order."

"I 'll see for myself. Inspection in half an hour."

"It 's rather late. . . ." The Adjutant saw the look in Beresford's eye and said hurriedly, "I 'll lay it on, sir."

The Wing-Commander, looking out through the window, saw the Section Officer walking back across the parade ground. "Who 's that ? "

"Section Officer Mitchell, sir. I 'm sure she 'll be upset when she finds out who you are."

"She needn't be. She was doing her duty." He turned round. "What 's your name ? "

"Hardcastle, sir."

"You can forget it happened, Hardcastle."

"Yes, sir."

Beresford went back into his own office and closed the door. He stood by the window and watched the Section Officer until she was out of sight. He lit a cigarette, but put it down immediately to smoulder in the tray. Another station, he thought. More work, more slogging, more busybodies, like the Guard Serjeant and the Section Officer, pinpricking their way towards a sort of bogus perfection. . . . And in the Mess, more hearty faces, the same slang, the same futile existence. More work . . . his thoughts rolled away like hoops down a vista of endless routine. He picked up his cigarette absently. The smoke from it met the cold glass of the window and spiralled up quickly.

Beresford was thirty-two. These days he felt as if he was fifty-two. It was an illusion that was fostered by his present job. On the station they called him "the Old Man," respectfully, of course, but still "the Old Man." There would be another exuberant crowd of them in the Mess, no more than twenty-one, most of them, and already lords of the air, flying at twice the speed he 'd pushed his Spitfire.

He heard someone knock and enter behind him. "Your bag, sir."

"Thanks." He didn't turn round. This was his fifth station since the war. Flemming, at the Air Ministry, was pleased with him. "They don't respect rank, Beresford, but they obey it. They respect decorations. You have both. You 're the ideal type of Station Commander."

A sudden whistle overhead roused him and he watched three jet planes drop out of the sky and skim the runway.

He crushed out his cigarette and turned away. "Lucky devils," he muttered.

* * *

Half an hour later he was fresh and changed. He went out to where the others were waiting, saluted, and led off. The Adjutant followed at his heels and the Duty Serjeant just behind. For an hour the station buzzed with activity. Beresford's eyes missed nothing and the Adjutant filled four pages of his notebook with things he didn't want to see again.

They followed him wearily away from the hangars. Over his shoulder he said to the Adjutant, "I want to see the women's quarters now, Hardcastle."

"Over there, sir."

As they arrived, Section Officer Mitchell came out of her office at the gate of the compound. She saluted him and he saw her eyes dilate for a moment. They were no longer an indeterminate colour, but were dark green, with flecks in them. He said, "Good evening, Section Officer. This is a Commanding Officer's inspection."

"Very . . . very good, sir."

He looked at the others. "You can fall out, gentlemen. Section Officer Mitchell will take it from here."

AFTER they 'd gone he turned back and led the way to her office. With his foot on the step he said, "Are you comfortable here ? "

"Yes, thank you, sir."

The office was bare and orderly. Nothing in it revealed the personality of Miss Mitchell. He opened his case. "Cigarette ? "

"No, thank you, sir." She stood respectfully at ease as unrevealing as her room.

Somehow it annoyed Beresford. He leant, deliberately informal, against a filing cabinet. "Where did you do your training, Section Officer ? "

"Paddlesworth, sir."

"I know Paddlesworth." He grinned.

Section Officer Mitchell avoided the grin. "Do you want me to take you round, sir ? "

"No, thanks. I 'm sure everything 's in order." He grinned again. "I 've had experience of your efficiency."

The blood came gently to Miss Mitchell's cheeks. "I 'm sorry that happened."

"That 's all right. You weren't to know."

"To tell you the truth, sir, I thought you 'd. . . ." She hesitated.

"Yes ? "

"Well, I thought you 'd be older."

"I am old." The Wing-Commander moved away from the cabinet. "I 'm thirty-two." His voice was suddenly, irrationally angry. "I haven't flown a plane in years ! That 's how old I am. Ask them in the Mess," he said violently, "they 'll all be calling me ' the Old Man,' ' Have my chair, sir . . .' ' I suppose you flew prop jobs, sir . . .' ' How fast could a Hurricane dive, sir ? ' That 's me ! " He stopped as suddenly as he 'd begun, and threw out his hands. "Sorry," he muttered.

After several minutes he turned around and said in a normal voice, "I only knew one other person called Mitchell. He was efficient, too."

The Section Officer looked at the floor. "He was my brother. He often spoke of you when he was on leave."

"I 'm sorry. He was really one of the best."

"Thank you, sir."

The Wing-Commander looked at his watch. "Time for Mess." He stared at her. "They 're probably standing around wondering what the Old Man is like. Old Man Beresford. Lord ! I 'd better go and meet them." He looked unaccountably ill.

Section Officer Mitchell's voice was crisp and efficient. "Shall I ring the Adjutant and ask him to meet you there ? "

"No, thanks. I 'd rather go it alone." He tugged on his cap and went out. Then he came back. He stood in the doorway uncertainly. "You can forget what a damn fool I 've been. I 'm tired, that 's all."

"Yes, sir."

He smiled suddenly. "And I won't tell anyone how you arrested me. Is it a deal ? "

"It 's a deal, sir, only . . ."

"Only what ? "

"Only I made a much bigger (*Continued on page* 56)

WATCHING Punch and Judy: a seven-year-old in an adjustable wrap-over sailcloth skirt (27s. to 30s.) and a multi-colour shirt (10s. 6d. to 17s. 3d.). At Gaychild

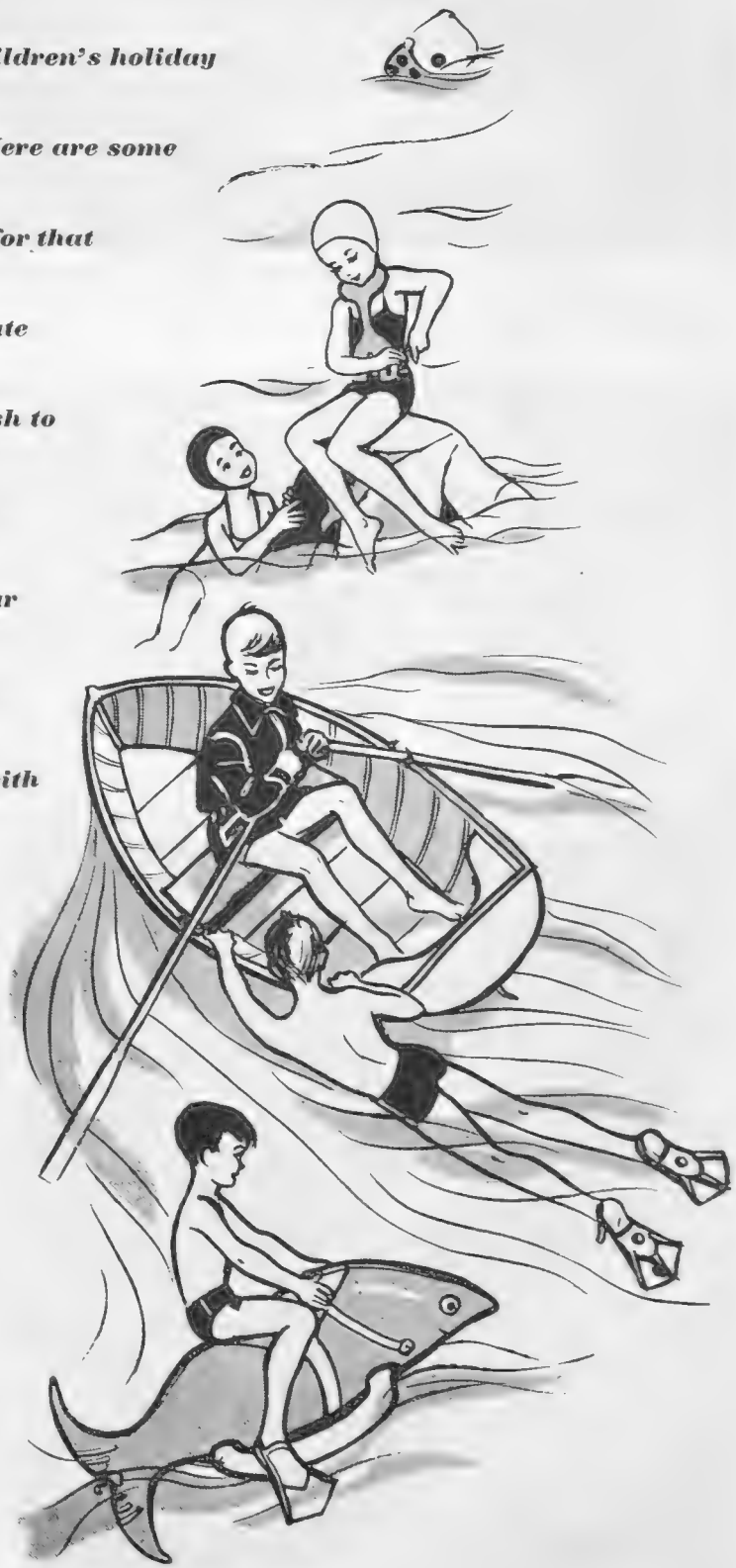
Colder-day outfit for a little lass is on the left. White cable sweater and a permanently pleated Terylene skirt in white. (Sweater, £2; skirt, from £2 4s. 3d.). At Harrods

Other spectators: Wool jersey sailor suit for the boy (£3 15s.) and elasticated gay cotton swim-suit for the little lady with the sunshade (17s. 6d.). Both at Harrods

Look out! Here comes an alligator. It 's a Li-lo and floats (£1 17s. Lillywhites). A rubber bucket and spade, a baby Japanese sunshade and a square floating ball with spots are in the picture with a scarlet Terry towelling sun-top suit, with sleeveless jacket to wear when the sun scorches. (Sun-top pants, 13s. 9d.; jacket, 14s. 11d.). All the children wear red or blue spotted espadrilles, 12s. 7d. All at Harrods

Prepare for Playdays!

It is the children's holiday month. Here are some suggestions for that last-minute shopping rush to get them things to wear and things to have fun with



Learning to swim, at the top, with a rubber Fyffe Swim Float. Worn like a harness it ensures the correct position for every stroke and enables the young swimmer to strike out with confidence (17s. 6d.).

The oarsman is wearing a sea-going inflatable jacket. Navigating himself or sailing with Father he is safe in this adaptation of the floating jackets which started life in the Air Force (£4 7s. 6d.).

He can swim like a fish in swim fins. Diving and swimming are more fun with these flippers. You glide through the water with a flick of the foot. There are adjustable sizes (29s. 7d.).

If he is younger and less ambitious in the water get him the inflatable rubber dolphins with the friendly smile. Price £2. All at Lillywhites, Piccadilly.

Edinburgh's torchlight procession. *Inset:* Festival art director Ian Hunter

For most of us, August is a lazy month: but for some musicians, singers, actors, radio stars—and our greatest sculptor—it is the peak of the year

Looking Around . . .

Discussion Points of the Month

Above:

HIGH summer used to spell the doldrums artistically, with little alternative to the seaside follies. But lately all has been changed by the coming of Festivals, and of these the world is agreed that Edinburgh is the prince. This counterblast to our insularity and philistinism was first thought of by the late Mrs. John Christie; was launched, with characteristic flourish, by her husband; and is now run by the Glyndebourne Society, which Mr. Ian Hunter (inset) has the gargantuan task of directing. This year he has assembled eight orchestras, complete with soloists, seven smaller ensembles, world-famous lieder singers, instrumentalists, the Sadler's Wells Ballet, La Comédie Française, a new play by Thornton Wilder, the Old Vic, three art exhibitions, and, of course, Glyndebourne Opera itself, the whole to be fanfared by the torchlight procession seen above. The sheer prodigality is frankly a little terrifying: is it possible to induce and maintain the ideal mental state for enjoyment—the "mind that watches and receives"—at a festival? Will not the meddling intellect intrude with irritations about things missed, wrong choices and sheer indigestion? It is up to each visitor to cure his own festival fever if he can. In Edinburgh, the grey solidity of the natural backcloth, and vigorous common sense of the natives are his valuable allies.

"Coco" Gabrielle Chanel

On left:

IN Paris now, the pastel-tinted, perfume-laden salons of the great couture houses are crammed with spectators of the new winter fashions. The usual atmosphere of hushed expectancy hovers over the world's centre of fashion and is pin-pointed on the collection of "Coco" Gabrielle Chanel, the seventy-two year old designer of prewar fame whose much publicised comeback last January met a spectacular flop. Paris, normally intolerant of failure, was saddened by the catastrophic ill fortune—including a major operation the day after the opening of her collection—which had dogged her through preparations for her comeback. Such was the former prestige of Chanel that, despite unfavourable criticism of her last collection, foreign buyers, upon whom the Paris houses so largely depend for their prosperity today, have bought from her house to the tune of big money. Now Paris awaits with doubled interest and solicitous affection, the disclosures of an autumn collection which will redeem the name once synonymous with inspired designing as it still is with great perfume.

John McCallum and Googie Withers

On left:

JOHN McCALLUM and Googie Withers, one of theatreland's most delightful couples, as James and Jill Manning, the less harmonious husband-and-wife in Ronald Millar's whodunit-cum-*angst* melodrama, *Waiting For Gillian.* Mr. and Mrs. McCallum have taken the trouble to learn their craft, and one can always be sure of a quality performance from them. Off the stage they cease to act, and are their charming selves—humorous, cultivated and approachable. They are devoted to their beautiful home near Iver, and have neither the taste nor—being so well established—the necessity, of constantly appearing at conventional theatrical rendezvous. Their plans for the future depend on present runs, but they indefatigably read plays and film scripts in search of something with a mind behind it and yet actable—a rare blend.

Below:

SIR JACOB EPSTEIN—grand old man of British (and world) sculpture—takes time off from his monumental work-in-progress to play with granddaughter Anabel Freud (great-granddaughter of *the* Freud). As Epstein gets older his ambition becomes yet more boundless: huge in concept and in size. At present being cast is his biggest work ever—a group of five bronze figures 14 ft. high, destined for Sairmond Park, Philadelphia. Epstein plans to go over for the unveiling. The theme for the commission night have defeated lesser men: it was "Social Consciousness." Now he is at work, single-handed as usual, on the statue of Field-Marshal Smuts, for Parliament Square. His task for the immediate future is a religious group to be set over the chancel of Llandaff Cathedral, the ancient but much-restored church in a Wagneresque valley outside Cardiff. Epstein welcomes religious commissions above all. As a man, he has vivid opinions and strong prejudices—one of which is a hatred of journalists. . . .

Below:

THOSE suave, anonymous, almost infallible creations of broadcasting—the announcers—make their yearly appearance in human form before our incredulous eyes at the Radio Show, Olympia, this month. Here is visible proof that the television screen actually has reality behind it. They will be on view in a glass box, like rare, near-mythical animals, one male and two female—very handsome specimens, too. The lone man is Donald Gray, forty-year-old South African, former stage, screen and radio actor, producer and soldier, now a successful newcomer to television, with the casual, elegant charm of an Owen Nares. With him will be Patricia Cutts and Pamela May: between them they have the tough job of presenting, almost round the clock, the non-stop programmes showing on the hundred-odd receivers of Television Avenue. Yet it is more than likely that the announcers themselves will entice denser crowds of fans than any of these attractions.

Donald Gray

Photograph: Peter Strickland

Sculptor Epstein with granddaughter Anabel

FRAGRANCE

is fashion's echo

JUST fifty years ago M. François Coty smashed a flagon of his exquisite rose perfume on to the floor of a departmental store in Paris. This not in a fit of Latin temperament, but as a deliberate bid to overcome the current sales resistance to perfume. It worked. The ladies stopped to sniff and stayed to buy.

This episode marked a turning point in the history of perfume. M. Coty could look back a decade to the time when the Empress Eugénie's passion for musk set the fashion for exotic perfumes throughout the *haute monde*. Then came the fall of the Second Empire when production difficulties brought the perfume industry virtually to a standstill. At the same time, here in England, mid-Victorian tastes decreed it *vulgaire* to leave a trail of perfume in one's wake. Exotic perfumes were out. Only the old-established firms like Potter and Moore and Yardley kept alive the art of making perfume with their delicate lavender waters. Otherwise, perfumes, in the form of eau de Colognes were more a sick room accessory than part of a lady's toilette.

This was the prejudice M. Coty had to overcome, and because women are basically lovers of perfume, he succeeded, beyond even his expectations. The era he inaugurated with "Rose," gained momentum after the first World War, when one by one the fashion houses of Paris each produced their house perfume. Perfume now became firmly linked with fashion with the advent of Chanel's No. 5, Patou's Amour Amour, Worth's Dans La Nuit. Schiaparelli set the seal on the movement by launching a new perfume and a new colour named alike, the fabulous "Shocking." Latest arrival of the dressmaker perfumes is Hartnell's "In Love," launched in 1952. Clothes and perfume no longer have separate identities, they are twin aspects of fashion.

Science has played its part in creating the perfumes of this century. It has given to the perfumers an entirely new range of perfume potentials with the synthetics, added in minute proportion to the essential flower oils to change them imperceptibly into something different, more subtle, more sophisticated than the flower scents themselves. The most costly perfume in the world, Patou's "Joy," is one of these, compounded of the oils of jasmine and rose.

Now with this season's fashion swinging into an ingénue mood, the baby blue of Dior, the "pretty season" in clothes is echoed in the return of the flower perfumes, Lentheric's Royal Rose, Chanel's Gardenia, with always as the Englishwomen's prime favourite, Old English Lavender Water, individually interpreted by Yardley's, Potter and Moore and 4711.

And which, out of the infinite range of lovely perfumes, will you choose? Personal preference must dictate the final choice, with as a guiding rule Dior's quip, "Mink does not go with four-horsepower cars." Overdressing is as much a sin against perfume as it is against fashion. This season's mood echoes the fragrance of a flower garden at twilight.

Illustrations by

SHEILA TIZZARD

Fashion in perfume, like fashion in clothes, is changing all the time. The current trend towards the light flower perfumes echoes the ingenue mood of this season's clothes

Let's face it: England's peerless climate has a leaning to

Come wind . . .

When it is wet and windy, you can have no better friend than this Asta weatherproof. The coat itself is of lightweight pure woollen Venetian, in wine, cocoa, bottle, or charcoal: the up-to-the-minute lining is of a scientifically treated material which insulates you against the cold without added bulkiness or weight. About 16 gns. at Harrods; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester

Rain or shine, this mackintosh will look good. Gone are the days when rainwear had to be rubbery, noisy, smelly and drab. Beautifully cut, with a swinging, cloak-like line, it has a silk moiré finish, and is reversible—black into red, lime, gold, green, cognac, black; also wine into grey. Packable into very small space. By Telemac, 6½ gns. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; John Walsh, Sheffield

chilliness and damp. The right clothes help us disregard it

. . . Come weather

Here is the ideal suit for August, styled by Country Life in their exclusive lace tweed, an attractive honeycomb weave with a cellular surface which keeps you cool as the temperature rises, warm when it drops. Available in this classic fitted suit, and other designs; comes in a multitude of colours. About 25 gns. at Dickins & Jones; Prince & Johnson, Cheltenham

Lustrous grey alpaca makes this luxurious late-day coat by Felix Fashions, imaginatively designed on generous, enveloping lines, with curved shoulders fanning out into flounced sleeves; supremely dignified—and cheeringly warm. This is a model, but similar coats may be bought for about 22 gns. from Dickins & Jones; Hendersons, Liverpool

Leisure and Pleasure

August is the month for slacking off, sitting back—for withdrawing from the arena and watching life go by . . .

For the teenager, (almost) anything goes—but for the older woman, money spent on clothes is an investment: her watchword should be—few, but supremely elegant. It is perhaps only in the late thirties that elegance becomes possible: let her exploit her advantage. This dress and matching fingertip jacket in pure printed silk will make her look perfection. By Simmone, 58 gns. at Tina Berlyn, Bond Street; Florence Wood, Leeds

flame-red above coal-black—nostalgic of the Spanish ballet . . . silk organza blouse with, instead of sleeves, an accordion-pleated shoulder cape, the pleating echoed in the tiered skirt of heavy poult. A winner for the dark girl: would transform her into a raven-haired, scarlet-lipped, exotic Carmen, with perhaps a rose behind her ear. The blouse about 11 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London and Manchester; the skirt by Wisco, about 16 gns. at Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham For her fair sister, nylon strewn with marguerites, their golden centres flattering her hair; the blue background, her eyes. This is the dress for the famous English rose—rarer than one would think, as a census has shown—but also first choice for the universal mouse. By Ricci Michaels, about £8 15s. at Dickins & Jones; Maryon, Bournemouth

a medium-priced nylon dress for the younger woman—shares with pure silk the traveller's "must" of packability. A pretty neckline—for pretty shoulders, svelte bodice, billowing skirt: brilliant black-and-white print accentuated by black shoulder bows. London Town, about 12 gns. at Adrian Gowns, Regent Street; Millers, Altrincham

Leisure and Pleasure

An 1890-inspired party frock in striped taffeta with the stand-up collar, tight bodice, near-crinoline skirt, and steel-buttoned, three-quarter sleeves characteristic of a decade when fashion reached an all-time height of dash and distinction. Added is a piquant student's collar, artist's bow, and figure-flattering vertical stripes. The colours are rich and dark—black striped with bottle-green, storm-grey, old gold, ocean blue. By Blanes, about £5 10s. at John Lewis; Owen Owen, Liverpool

In Paris now—at Dior especially—the prevalent look is bloused and easy. Here is a distinguished version by Fredrica: a dress of featherlight tweed, its blouse-and-skirt air accomplished by means of a built-in belt and softly-blousing top. Here, at last, tailoring has become completely feminine—a matter of sculpting to the form rather than following hard, masculine lines. We chose it in rose: also comes in blue, green, or rose and green mixture. About 6½ gns. at Selfridges; Kendal Milne, Manchester

Illustrations by
BERYL HARTLAND

The contemporary look *par excellence*—casual, sweatered, "right" from morning almost till night. Good to travel in or to pack, being uncrushable and un-bulky. The Middy style jumper is in anthracite, wine, navy, cypress or beaver, with chalk stripe; the skirt takes the colour; the matching golfer has a stripe edging. By Wolsey, the separates 5 gns. complete at Harrods; Cockaynes, Sheffield: the golfer, £2 0s. 9d. at Leonards, Rochester; Binns, West Hartlepool

For noon till night—and all night if the party is unleavable, the style of the season—strapless dress and bolero, as interpreted by Frank Usher in stiff rayon grosgrain: bright jewel colours—emerald, ruby, sapphire, or jet, with intricately pleated bodice and full swirling skirt. About 13½ gns. at Stratrock, Old Brompton Road; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham

Make More Use of Mirrors

Practically or decoratively used, mirrors will work magic—dark corners become light, dreary rooms bright, bad proportions are camouflaged and ordinary rooms transformed

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

Illustrations by SHEILA TIZZARD

SOMEONE recently shot at me what, to me at any rate, was a staggering question: "Do you like mirrors?" Staggering because it had never occurred to me that one might harbour a passion for mirrors for their own sake any more than for, say, elephants. And the only answer to whether one liked mirrors—or elephants for that matter—seemed to be: "Well, I suppose they're all right in their place."

But what is their place? Almost certainly not bang over the middle of the chimneypiece where they reflect the bare upper half of the opposite wall relieved possibly by a length of dangling flex in the centre. The trouble is that too often a mirror is used merely as something to fill an otherwise bare patch on the wall whereas it is really something to be used with calculated effect to produce a known result, practical or decorative. For even quite a small mirror properly placed will work magic in lighting dark corners, enlivening dreary rooms or correcting bad proportions; badly placed, the largest mirror may only make matters worse.

This doesn't mean that mirrors should never be used as sheer decoration. A rather ordinary room can be completely transformed by the use of mirror alone and the smooth, cold texture of glass may provide a welcome contrast to the warmer, rougher textures of brick or plaster. It is used most successfully in this architectural way at Hampton Court.

It *does* mean getting the greatest possible decorative effect by remembering that a mirror is a strictly impartial observer: it reflects the unpleasant as cheerfully as the pleasant view. Perhaps for this reason mirror-topped tables and mirror-based flower pieces seldom quite come off. For they tend to reflect odd, distorted views that scarcely merit duplication. What is reflected must deserve the honour: an attractive corner, a window with a view, or a view of the garden normally invisible from the room.

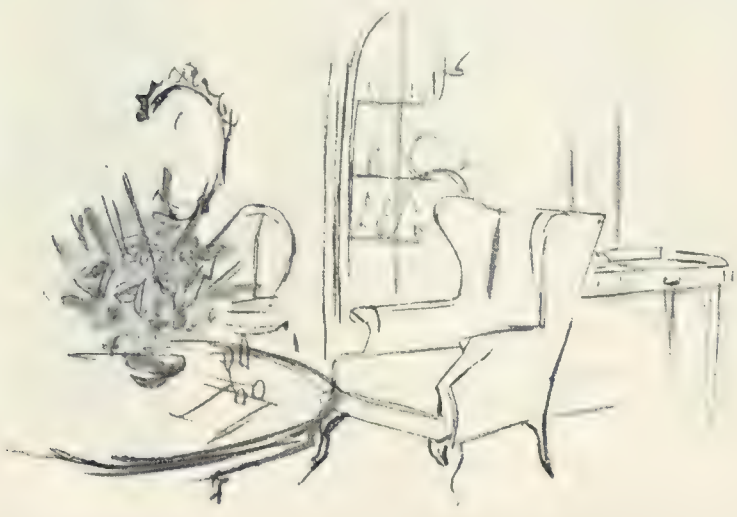
It's worth remembering, too, that the reflection of any bright artificial light is unpleasant and the reflection of even part of a naked bulb is intolerable. This question of lighting a looking glass is often an unnecessary stumbling block. In the case of a dressing mirror, for example, the object should be to light the face and not the glass, the light source being between the two but invisible in the glass.

The average strip light above a glass (*Continued on page* 64)

The "spacious" air in the dining-room

Giving width to a narrow hall

The commonplace becomes "alive"



This Time Different

By MARJORIE STACE

Illustration by KOOLMAN

THE day of one's thirtieth birthday is, or should be, a day for solemn thought as well as celebration. It is a time for taking stock, for reflecting and planning. Accordingly, on her thirtieth birthday Louise, blue-eyed and beautiful in a dreamy golden way, took stock, reflected and planned.

She reflected on her past, on the three love affairs which had gone wrong—and she planned for the future.

Her reflections brought her to the conclusion that men were a menace, and her plan for the future was, quite simply, to have nothing more to do with them.

When challenged she was ready to admit that she was both cynical and disillusioned; but she was not embittered: she was merely resigned to her disillusionment. She faced the fact sensibly, admitted it openly and decided that if her life in future was to be less exciting at least it would be less painful.

In all fairness Louise, during this solemn self-communion on her thirtieth birthday, was bound to admit that a lot of the hurt she had suffered had been her own fault. She was apparently very attractive to the opposite sex. She was also (and herein lay the root of all the trouble) susceptible, which is just another word for weak.

Her weakness had been excusable in the case of Robert. There had been a gaiety, a madness, an outrageous charm about Robert. Louise, newly released from the discipline of school, had been swept off her feet. At nineteen she had married him in the face of strong parental opposition and had emerged as a bride with, one might say, her marriage certificate in one hand and her school certificate in the other. Those of her friends who loved her most declared that she ought also to have carried a mental certificate between her teeth.

For Robert, good value at a party though he undoubtedly was, was not the marrying kind.

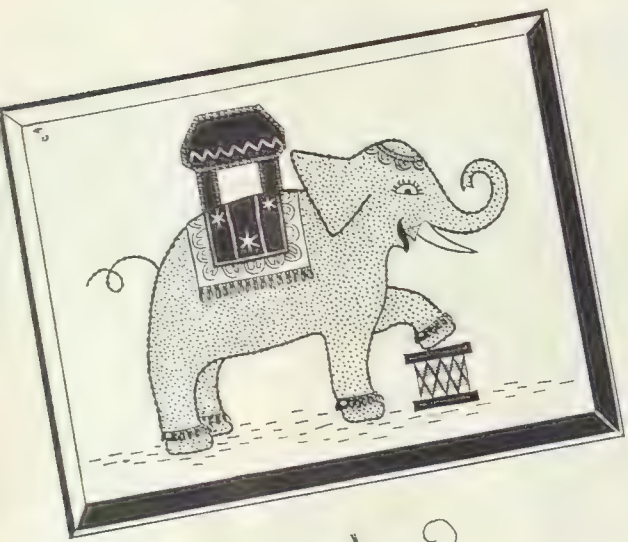
Eighteen months later he had run off with a wealthy, much older woman, leaving Louise stranded in one of those Austrian mountain villages (*Continued on page* 62)

Robert was not the marrying kind. Anton was misunderstood.

Charles disillusioned: what was a girl to do next?

Pictures in pieces

by
EUGENIE ALEXANDER



APPLIQUÉ work is an extremely ancient form of needlework with a fascinating history stretching back through the Middle Ages. But it lends itself well to modern adaptation and appliqué pictures can look most attractive in a contemporary setting.

All kinds of fabric can be used together to make the picture, the varying surfaces of satin, corduroy velvet, lace, cotton and net, for example, making attractive contrasts of tone and texture. In fact, the fabric itself may often suggest the theme of the picture. A twisted snippet of gold and purple lamé which had fallen from my chest of drawers of scraps, gave me the idea for an exotic orchid. The blue and white wavy lined rayon suggested the sea for "Noah's Ark," while the brown and white check cotton asked to be turned into a giraffe! Not only fabrics, but embroidery stitches can suggest ideas. Obvious ones are feather stitch for bird's plumage and blanket stitch for bricks.

An ability to draw is an obvious advantage for this kind of work, but flower, bird and animal prints and costume drawings can be successfully adapted for appliqué. The important thing is to create clear, simple shapes, with one main interest in the picture, as few well chosen colours look more pleasing and richer than a hotchpotch of many. Interesting contrasts of colour can be obtained by placing light materials against dark, bright against dull, patterned against plain fabrics.

The picture of the circus elephant on the left is a simple one to start on. The drawing will have to be enlarged up to about 10 in. The simplest way of doing this if you cannot tackle a freehand drawing, is to draw over the little picture here a $\frac{1}{4}$-in. grid, that is, draw lines $\frac{1}{4}$ in. apart over the picture, from top to bottom and from left to right, dividing the whole into small sections, each $\frac{1}{4}$ in. square. Now draw out on white paper, a similar rectangle with the same number of squares, making them 1 in. square instead of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. square. This has enlarged the picture area four times. If you want the picture larger, make your rectangle proportionately larger, of course. Now you can transfer each section of the design, square by square, which will prove a much easier business than drawing freehand.

Now comes the choice of the materials. I started with a bright red rayon background which looked very gay. Grey flannel suggested the rough texture of the elephant's skin, purple wool material the howdah, pink net the trappings on his back. The tusks were added in white linen, the tongue in pink cotton material and the drum was a piece of striped canvas.

(*Continued on page* 61)

Kirby

Much of the charm of Eugenie Alexander's appliqué pictures lies in her skilful handling of the fabric patches. The actual embroidery stitches used in "Noah's Ark" are simple; the art lies in the apposite choice of material for each section of the design

THRILLING

The fascination of a fair is irresistible. Is it the gaudy, baroque decor or some deep response to an agelong tradition?

Mrs. Pettigrew and Green Lemonade

By C. HENRY WARREN

THE summer fair at home, when I was a boy, was always held in my father's meadow; and so it is scarcely surprising that I have ever since taken a special (almost a proprietary) interest in fairs. Nor is it surprising, I suppose, that the fairs today never seem to me to be a patch on the one that annually transformed our buttercup meadow, where Betty the mare dozed away her last days, into a riot of noise and colour and gaiety.

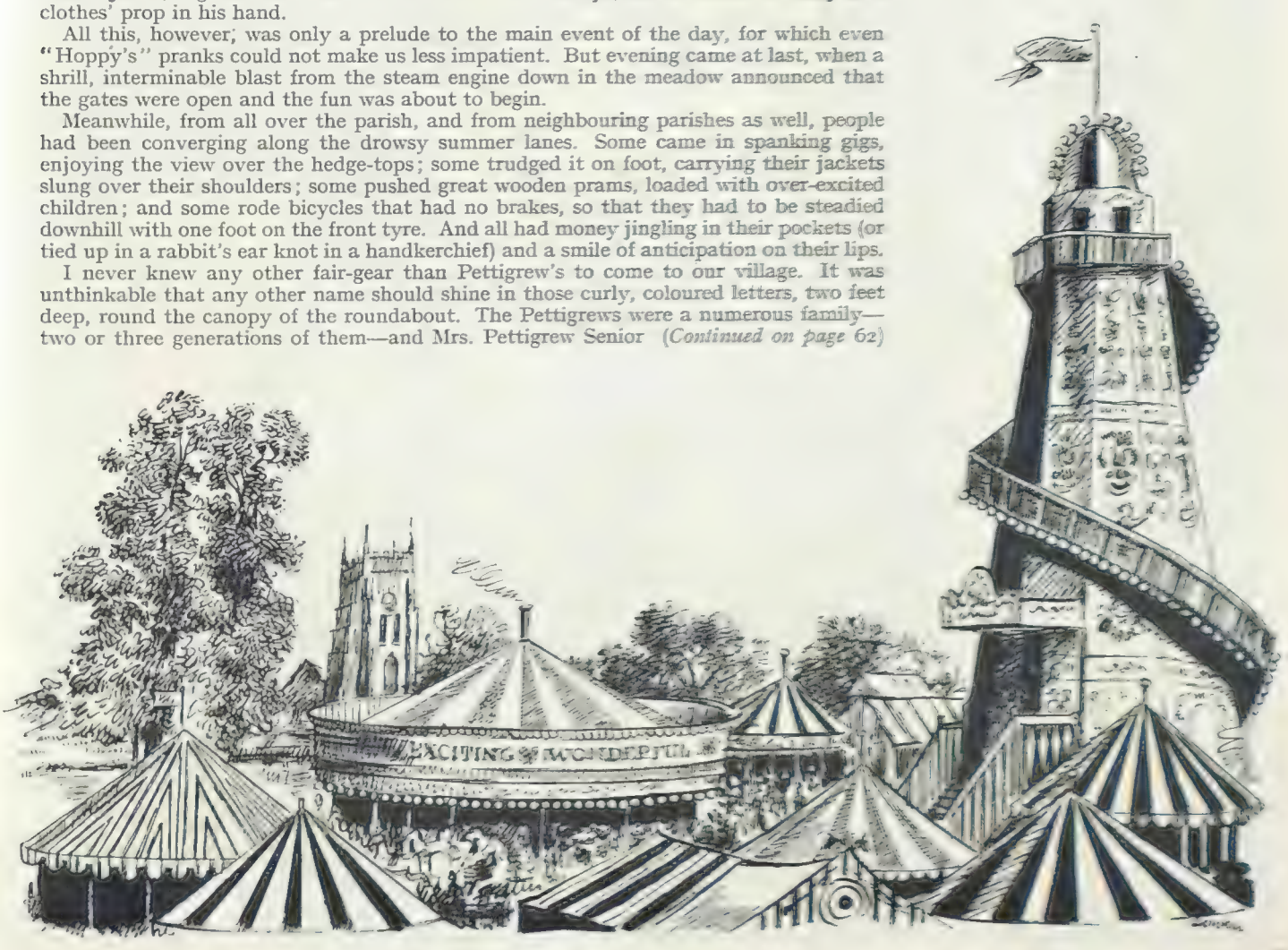
What a day it was! First of all there was a procession through the village. The local brass band, none too sure of its notes but by no means the less admired by us on this account, led the way. Then came the Oddfellows and Foresters, proud as peacocks, every one of them, in their stiff, Sunday suits, with gold-fringed sashes across their manly chests and gaudy banners billowing before them. Behind these came the rag-and-bobtail, clamouring round the person of "Hoppy" Truman, our village jester and wooden-legged philanthropist.

Every once in a while, during the course of the year, "Hoppy" would stage some homely bit of fun—especially on fair day. We never knew what form the fun would take, except that he, of course, would be at the centre of it and that pennies would fly all over the place. On the occasion I now have in mind, he had got himself up as Britannia (who were we to complain that it ought to have been a woman?) and was being drawn on a float behind the procession, his seated figure swathed in dozens of Union Jacks, a great cardboard helmet tilted over one eye, and a trident as long as a clothes' prop in his hand.

All this, however, was only a prelude to the main event of the day, for which even "Hoppy's" pranks could not make us less impatient. But evening came at last, when a shrill, interminable blast from the steam engine down in the meadow announced that the gates were open and the fun was about to begin.

Meanwhile, from all over the parish, and from neighbouring parishes as well, people had been converging along the drowsy summer lanes. Some came in spanking gigs, enjoying the view over the hedge-tops; some trudged it on foot, carrying their jackets slung over their shoulders; some pushed great wooden prams, loaded with over-excited children; and some rode bicycles that had no brakes, so that they had to be steadied downhill with one foot on the front tyre. And all had money jingling in their pockets (or tied up in a rabbit's ear knot in a handkerchief) and a smile of anticipation on their lips.

I never knew any other fair-gear than Pettigrew's to come to our village. It was unthinkable that any other name should shine in those curly, coloured letters, two feet deep, round the canopy of the roundabout. The Pettigrews were a numerous family—two or three generations of them—and Mrs. Pettigrew Senior (*Continued on page 62*)



They were married in March—Zinnia in a white dress with an expensive bouquet of hothouse flowers, her heart as cold as the stone floor under the strip of red carpet

ZINNIA...

... saw marriage as a means... the end was something even she could not have visualized

By YVONNE SEAGER

Illustrations by SHOWELL

ZINNIA sat in Frederic Greene's car on a wet January night after a performance of *Hiawatha* at the Albert Hall. The singing was still echoing in her head, conjuring up Indians in a dark forest, camp fires and drums and love. She'd asked Frederic to put her down at the nearest Underground, but he insisted on taking her all the way. And in a traffic jam, he asked her to marry him.

Zinnia felt hot—it was what she'd been waiting for, all these weeks, and cold—because now it had happened, she was scared. She forgot the Redskins abruptly, and looked out at the Kensington streets, at a world of raincoats and umbrellas and reflected lights. Then she moistened her lips and said, Thank you very much, she would be happy to accept.

"Good! Well, we've nothing to wait for——" It was his normal office voice, disposing of something in the pending tray. Something, perhaps, he'd been a little uncertain about, a little cautious. He didn't look at her, or take his hands off the wheel.

Inside herself, she had panicked utterly. Accepting Frederic seemed like signing her own death warrant. She began feebly to play for time. "I'll need clothes, Frederic. And Mother and Lorna will need a little time to get used to the idea. . . ." Liar, she called herself as she spoke. It had been her mother's one dream and ambition, ever since she went to work for Frederic. Her sister Lorna had merely shrugged and said: "Well, if you find him romantic, and you can get him to propose. . . ."

Zinnia didn't find Frederic Greene romantic, but she couldn't tell Lorna about the mortgage, and the threat to her mother's health, and how necessary it was that she, Lorna, should take up her art scholarship instead of rushing into the first paid job that offered.

They drove on in silence for a few minutes. The lights stopped them and Zinnia held her breath in an agony of impatience. Supposing he said something further? Something

requiring an answer, and heard the misery in her voice? The green light appeared at last.

"Green for safety!" Frederic murmured, as if he felt the tension and wanted to lighten it. She didn't answer, and he hoped it wasn't only for safety she was marrying him.

That was in January. They were married in March—Zinnia in a white dress with an expensive bouquet of hothouse flowers, her heart as cold as the stone floor under the strip of red carpet. She had waited in vain for Frederic to suggest that they slipped away somewhere quiet, or at least had the ceremony private, but he had not done so. So now they stood side by side in church, the pews behind them crowded with friends and relatives in their best clothes.

"It's absolutely sacrilege!" Zinnia felt white hot with anger. Angry at the immaculate man beside her, at circumstances for forcing her into the marriage, at herself for being forced. Well, it wasn't sacrilege, perhaps—Frederic would never do that—but a white wedding was surely in doubtful taste. Behind them, she could feel raised brows and cynical smiles, the maudlin whispers of some of Frederic's older employees, so glad to see him happy at last, and the conjectures of the younger ones as to the cost of her gown and the probability of their having a family. More than anything, she was conscious of her mother's delight and relief, and Lorna's bored contempt.

The service ended at last, and they turned to face the congregation. The organ burst into Handel's "Wedding March," and Zinnia started slowly down the aisle on her husband's arm. Not Zinnia Daly now, but Mrs. Frederic Greene. The third Mrs. Frederic Greene.

IT had all started last autumn, with a letter Mrs. Daly wrote to her elder daughter. "Now Dad's gone, and the boys, I don't know where to turn in trouble. It seems the Bank can't renew the mortgage on the house, though they always did for your father. . . . I've (*Continued on page* 64)

"Not bad at all," he burst out suddenly. "How long have you been studying?"

TALKING OF BOOKS

By TREVOR ALLEN

Choice for deckchair reading—**"Cousin Jan"** by Antonia Ridge (right), a family story with Resistance adventures thrown in for good measure

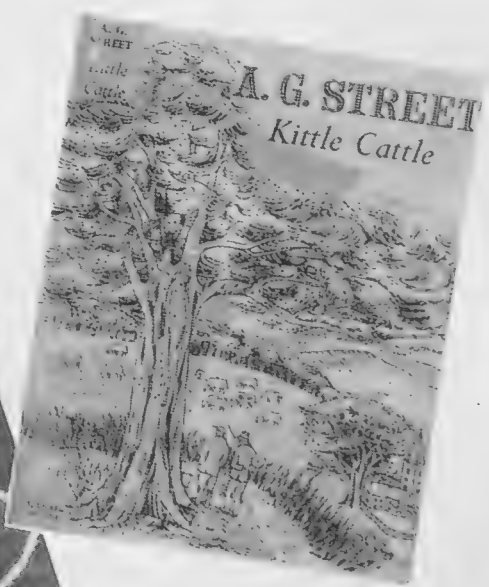
I WANT a good book for a deckchair by the sea this holiday month. A novel? Of course. (We've a choice of nine, later.) But first, why not a book about far-off places, so that I get two holidays in one—where I am in fact, and where I am in imagination? Giles Playfair and Constantine Fitz Gibbon cover Europe's four miniature states—Andorra, Monaco, Liechtenstein, San Marino—in **"The Little Tour"** (Cassell, 21s.), and what quaint customs they have! In Andorra landed property is not sold outright; the seller or his descendants can always buy it back at the price paid. That's still the law, though it has become more or less obsolete. No man can go bankrupt or be punished for fraud, except by expulsion. If a man is found presumably murdered the bailiff tells the usher to cry thrice: "Dead man arise, as justice demands of thee!" . . . "Dead man, who killed thee? Say who killed thee!" . . . "This dead man is indeed dead, since he neither arises nor replies." The body is then handed over to friends to bury while the police seek the murderer, who will languish in jail till the next meeting of the *Corts* if traced. Anecdotes like these make this illustrated book congenial reading.

I am off across the Atlantic in a thirty-one foot racing yacht in Guy Cole's **"Sailing In Irons"** (Museum Press, 16s.)—in irons because the author, paralysed by polio in infancy, has to wear leg-irons and moves around ship by using his stiff leg to stand on, (*Continued on page 67*)

HERE'S TO THE CHILDREN

SINCE August is the children's month, and they never look happier than at the sea, this book is all theirs. Ernest Cady's **"We Adopted Three"** (Benn, 12s. 6d.) is the sensibly human story of an acquired trio of girls growing up with his own son in America, and case histories of other people's adoptions. Tell them they are adopted, and why, he says; don't pretend they are your own. While natural children sometimes are unwelcome, adopted children are always wanted children, and they will grow up to be proud of it. Trials as well as triumphs are dealt with frankly in this intimate study of a happy family.

Louise Dickinson Rich, also American, tells us with equal intimacy of the problems of bringing up and supporting a boy and girl, seven and two, after the death of her husband eight years ago. From the Maine woods of her previous books she took them to a town life in Bridgewater, Mass., to make a full, happy career for them. Mrs. Rich writes with sense and humour, so **"Only Parent"** (Hale, 12s. 6d.) should touch warmly the interests of all with youngsters on their hands, though not necessarily her solo outlook and courageous philosophy.



"We Adopted Three" is Ernest Cady's human story of trials and triumphs. A. G. Street tells a tale of the farming world he knows so well

Challenge in the Sun

That is what a holiday at Capri . . . Estoril . . . Antibes is to every woman who is alive to what others are doing . . . saying . . . thinking. How will your looks answer the challenge of the cosmopolitan crowds of the playgrounds of Europe?

Pink is the make-up theme for cool, crisp cottons, the un-made-up look the rule for the beach. If you would like a personal colour guide to this season's make-up, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2.

SNAP out of your dreams of the perfect holiday ahead just for one moment. Come down to stark realities. You're bound for somewhere smart and gay, perhaps the Mediterranean sun. Will the standard of elegance, grooming, beauty, eclipse you? Isn't this a challenge to outshine your everyday self?

Mild trepidation at this point gives double purpose to holiday preparations. Make capital of your silhouette de l'Anglaise. Whittle down the inches which mar the cool, long-legged, slim hipped look, so enviable in short shorts on the beach . . . in crisp linens on the promenade . . . in swirling ballerinas on the dance floor. No time for prolonged dieting? No, but a course of figure treatments can produce quick results. Helena Rubinstein's deep massage treatment is new, is effective. "No time . . . no opportunity" is no excuse. You can do *something* with a massager at home.

Then your complexion. If it is smooth, soft, it will go to the credit of our appalling climate, and not to your strenuous efforts on its behalf. But either way it gives you an advantage in the international beauty stakes. Set yourself up with a pre-holiday facial, to dispose of minor imperfections, to tone and stimulate the skin ready for its honey-gold tan. There is a salon treatment for most complexion ills, and a home-made substitute. The only problem is to choose. Let me help if you have any doubts.

Now what make-up, what hair style will hold its own against the heavy competition?

First, hair style. Chic on holiday, and all the year round, is governed by a standard of hairdressing and . . . dare we face it? . . . an Englishwoman's hair is seldom her best point. But you can safely choose one of the two hair styles now reigning over all the fashionable capitals of Europe. They are both flattering, fashionable and easy to manage, a perfect recipe for a holiday hair-do. For the younger heads, "Italian Boy," a

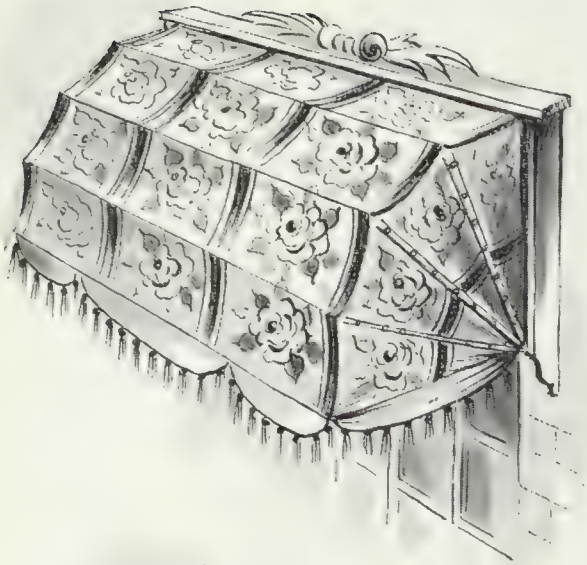
variation of the short, curled-all-over style. It tucks into a bathing cap, it is charming with "little girl" dresses. If well cut, well permed, can literally be shampooed in a handbasin and towelled dry.

Alternative, perhaps, for the older woman is the V-line, only just reaching England, although Steiner and Helena Rubinstein are pioneering versions of it. Slightly longer, cut to a V at the back, accentuated widow's peak and fullness at the sides creates the illusion of the heart-shaped face. It's informal enough for sundresses, sightseeing; sleek enough for décolleté and baccarat. You can get by with a casual hair-do, like our model's . . . but only if the wave is loose, the hair lustrously soft.

Now for make-up. The "un-made-up look" is a factor to reckon with. It points the trend. Heavy make-up is out. The shiny look is de rigueur on the beach . . . though some women will mitigate the shine for formal occasions. The idea is to add colour but not mattness. Helena Rubinstein's recipe is Suntonic for foundation, rouge, lipstick . . . but no powder.

But you won't be alone in following the matt make-up line for summer 1954 . . . eyebrows plucked underneath to slightly accentuate their arc, eyes considerably made-up with beige-natural eyeshadow, with a grey pencil line to give the eyes a slightly almond tilt. (Note the subtleness . . . no heavy underlining.) The complexion clear, beige to honey toned, rouge used to mould the cheekbones, not to colour, the lips full.

And the colour theme will be pink . . . pink . . . pink . . . the whole gamut from vivid pink for beach cottons to tender corals for evening. Make-up conspires with clothes to make this holiday season a romantic one.



Today's room uses

Old and yet new, they perform a practical function and give original interest to even the most simple window treatments

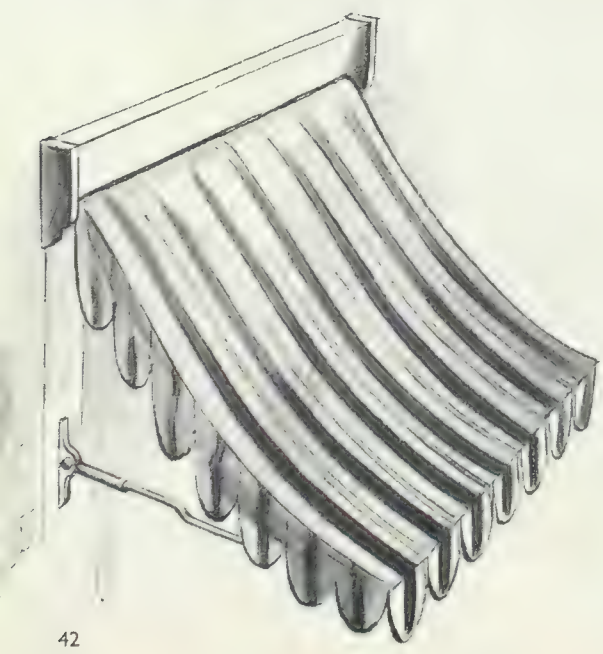
ROUND goes the wheel of time and, sooner or later, everything repeats itself. The latest return from the past is window blinds. Venetian shades, long relegated to the limbo as tiresome dust-traps have come up smiling and self-assured and very decorative in delightful colours. Roller blinds—not to be outdone—have followed suit.

Pulling the blinds today means more than screening ourselves from the outside view. It adds to the gaiety of rooms and to the completion of pretty curtain treatments. On the practical side they have sound virtues, too. Even lined curtains fade at the edges unless there is a blind to draw during the sunniest hours, and where the more costly materials are used, a narrower curtain will suffice if it is not essential to draw them right across the window at night.

Even in this climate there are times when the cool shade of Venetian blinds is acceptable during the day, especially since they do the work of shading the room without excluding the cool currents of air which trickle through the slats. Modern Venetian blinds are featherlight and draw up and down with the smallest effort. In their new delicate colours they can be contrasted or harmonized with curtain treatments and wall colouring. In our colour picture pastel-blue blinds are used in contrast with yellow chintz drapes. This is a delightful summer treatment for a garden outlook where every inch of window is made use of to admit the view with perfect regulation of light and air.

Crisp Everglaze furnishing prints lend themselves perfectly to use as roller blinds. The treatment at the top of the page opposite employs Rosebank's enchanting ivy trellis design, the green leaves on their smooth white background pointing the plain colouring of framing curtains.

An alternative, at the foot of the same page, uses plain linen with an embroidered design which could be in candlewick or wool to pick up the background colouring of the curtains.



TOP: *A Dutch shade with stripes and roses works on the principle of a pram hood to screen a window or front door*

CENTRE: *A natural hessian door blind to make. Bind it with coloured webbing and stencil the house number*

BOTTOM: *Bold black and white stripes, canopy fashion, prevent blistering paint and admit the maximum of air on the sunnier summer days*

BLINDS

Illustrations by JULIA COMPER

CENTRE: *Featherlight aluminium in attractive colours makes fashionable and decorative Venetian blinds*

TOP: *Ivy trellis on a crisp white ground-work for the newest version of the roller blind. Everglaze chintz by Rosebank*

BOTTOM: *Another version of the roller blind in plain colour with an embroidered motif in bold white*

BLUE . . . is the

Universal Favourite

ONLY one colour has a claim to universal favour. Blue. Men like it, women like it and now Monsieur Dior has declared it the fashion colour of the season. There is probably no connection with the pronouncement of the Master of fashion, but people whose job it is to assess the public taste and provide us with the merchandise we want, report that the overwhelming preference is for blue in all coloured domestic equipment, especially in the kitchen.

In deference to demand coloured utensils and coloured kitchen fittings are coming off the assembly lines in increasing volume, and blue predominates. The cold, white clinical kitchen is definitely out. Coloured sinks, coloured Formica surfaces, even coloured refrigerators are transforming the most aseptic streamline kitchens into symphonies of colour.

Blue has the virtue of being a cool, clean background for kitchen décor. Red as a complementary colour gives basic blue as a contrast the vitality that it sometimes lacks on its own. Now that so many utensils are made in red, this colour can be used in sharp accents against blue walls or surfaces, as in our visualized scheme on the facing page.

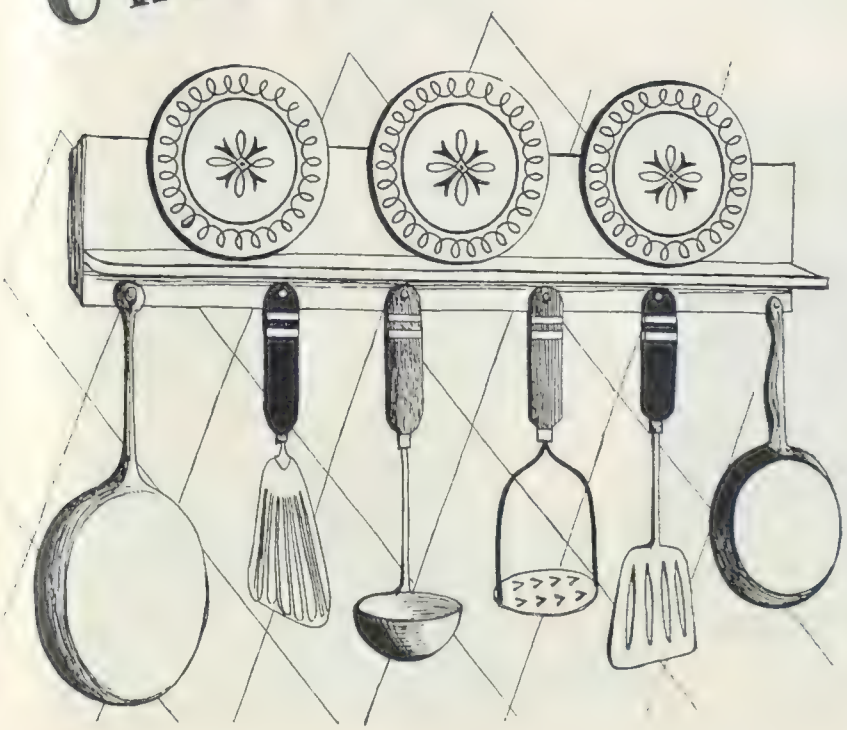
The red kettle leads a procession of other utensils in the same colour by Prestige—you see them in the facing picture—and gay, decorated canisters in blue and red; Pyrex dishes in blue fireproof glass join the throng.

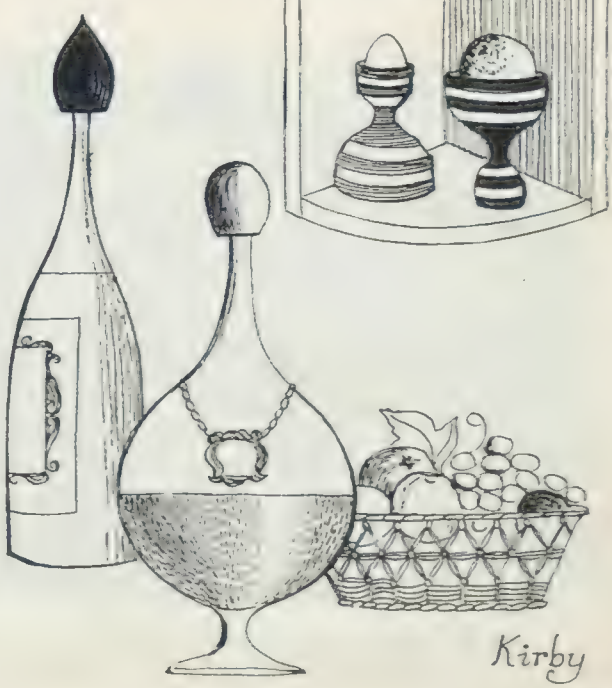
In the smaller room a combination of white and blue as a background tends to give spaciousness. The pictured kitchen with its pale-blue walls, white fitments and blue Formica surfaces with bright red as the accent colour achieves an ideal balance.

Attractive alternatives to blue and red are light and dark blue with yellow, or blue with mulberry. Attractive pottery in all these colours, now widely available, make it quite a simple and inexpensive matter to assemble your blue room.

The secret of a successful colour scheme, in the kitchen particularly, is to use colour with restraint. The temptation is to add a little more of this colour or a little more of that, whereas understatement always proves more effective in the end unless one has a genius for it—and few of us have.

Blue Formica surfaces combine with cool white for the practical blue kitchen scheme visualized on the left. The accent colour, red, appears in the gay utensils



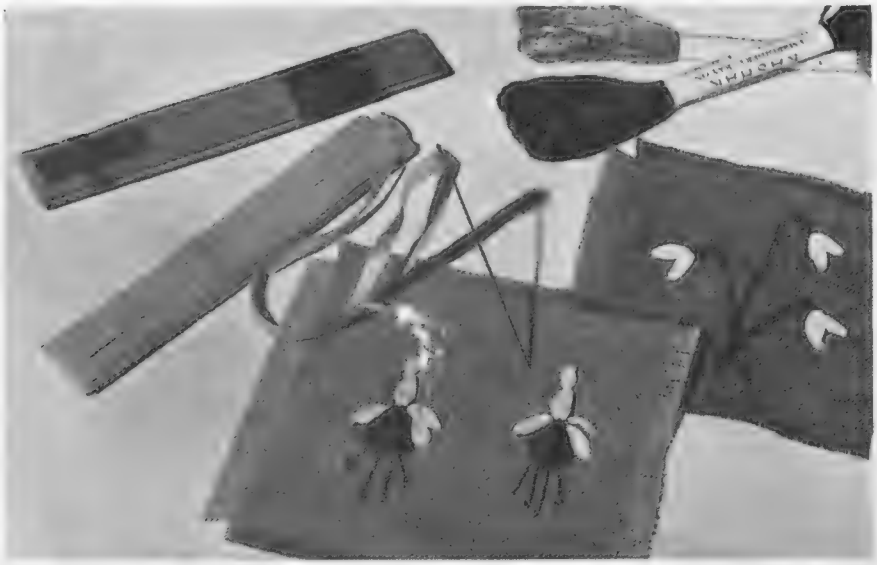


Margaret Sharp . . .

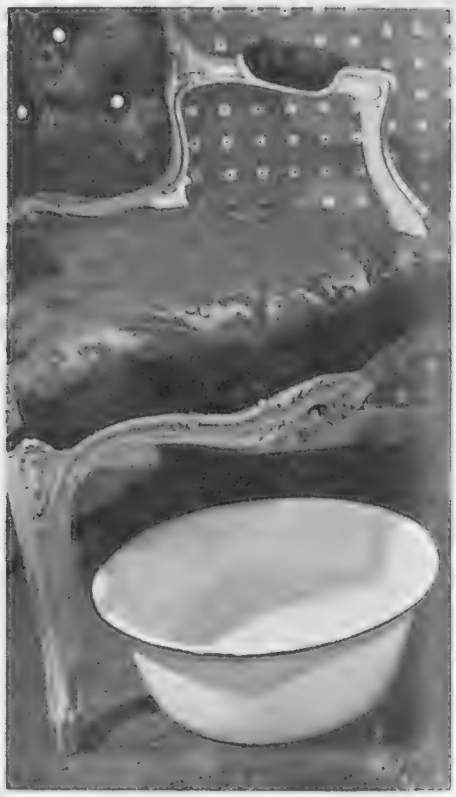
Shopping

Not a television set, but a cigarette box, with the cigarettes to give the scale. Music plays, the ballet dancer pirouettes when the box is opened; 87s. 6d., postage extra, from Selfridges

Daphne Black's haute couture for dolls at moderate prices include kilts and trews in authentic tartans, duffel coats, sunsuits, shorts, dresses and aprons. From Harrods, and Hamleys, of Regent Street



For holiday handwork, Pearsall's "Gimmick," a new embroidery tape, produces gay effects quickly, worked in with Kashak tapestry rayon. In ten colours and black, 1s. 8d., white 1s. 2d., D. H. Evans



Service of the Month

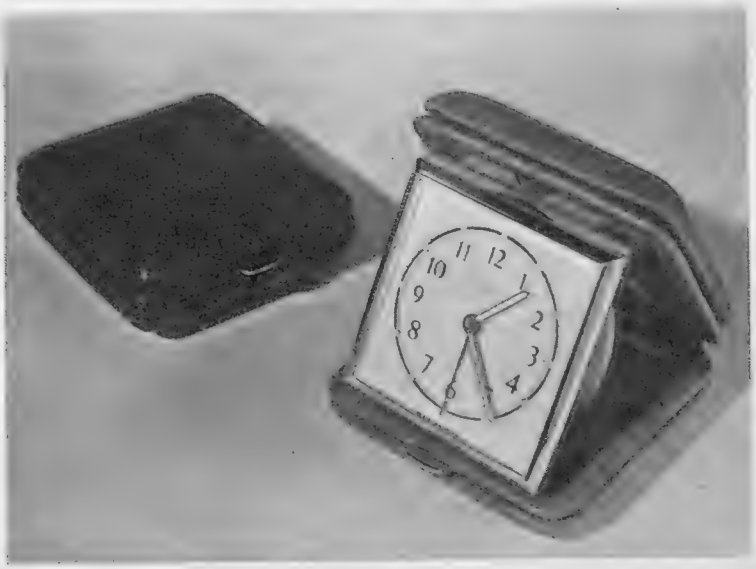
THIS month's service concerns floors—the splintering, rough boards that are despair to anyone who tries to stain or polish them. So long as the boards are sound, and it's only the surface that is worn, they can be made as smooth as new again. The makers of Ronuk have a special contract service to do it for you. They will undertake a modest surround to your carpet square as well as a parquet hallway of noble proportions. They come with a sanding machine which resurfaces the floor and reveals the beauty of the grain of the wood—even of deal board flooring. Then it is stained to your specification, and polished. Upkeep thereafter is only a regular weekly burnishing, and an application of polish every two months. Cost depends, of course, on the condition of the floor and distance, but it compares with the outlay for new lino. Contact Ronuk Ltd., at Portslade, Sussex, or 16 South Molton Street, London, W.1,

For You . . .

Pretty and practical, cotton aprons from France, one in scarlet with contrasting pockets, the other grey and white stripe with emerald. 32s. 6d. postage 1s., Liberty's

Dylon Mothmaster is a combined carpet shampoo and mothproofer. As the foam cleans the carpet, it also treats each tuft of pile with D.D.T., proofing against moth for at least a season. 3s. 6d. a bottle, postage 6d., from William Whiteley's Ltd., Queensway, London, W.2

Melissa compacts, in gilt or gilt and silver, with plush-edged sifter and spillproof lid, from 21s. to 50s., postage 1s. 6d., from Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street, W.1



Smith's travelling alarm clock, one of the smallest available, has an 8-day lever movement. In pigskin, leather or leather fabric case, £5 2s. 6d. to £6, Bravington's, London

MATERIALS required for this cardigan are 11 ozs. Golden Eagle "Polynit" 4 ply in main colour and 1 oz. each of dark and light contrast in 3 ply, 1 pair each No. 13 and 11 needles, 6 buttons. Working at a tension of 8 sts. and 11 rows to the inch measured over the pattern, the cardigan fits a 36 in. to 38 in. bust.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles and main wool, cast on 145 sts.

1st row.—P.

2nd row.—(K. 3, w. fwd., slip 1 purlwise, w. b.), repeat across row, ending k. 1.

3rd row.—P.

4th row.—K. 1, (w. fwd., s. 1, w.b., k. 3), repeat across row. Rep. these 4 rows, afterwards called "patt." for 7 ins., but dec. at both ends of row after 2½ ins. and every 6th row following until there are 131 sts. *Take care to keep patt. correct whilst decreasing.* Break wool after 7 ins., *ending* with a k. row, which is right side of work.

Next row.—Change to No. 13 needles and dark contrast wool. P., and dec. 5 times across row (126 sts.). Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 ins., ending on right side of work. Break wool, join light contrast wool.

Next row.—(Wrong side of work) P. Work 1¼ ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Break wool.

Next row.—(Wrong side of work.) Join main wool, and with No. 11 needles, p. Cont. in patt., inc. at both ends of every 6th row 9 times (144 sts.). When main patt. measures 5½ ins. above ribbing, shape for armholes. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows (132 sts.). Work straight for 8 ins. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Cast off remainder.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 11 needles and main wool, cast on 81 sts. Work as for back for 1½ ins., ending with a p. row. Cast on 12 sts. at beg. of next row (right side of fabric) (93 sts.) and dec. at other end of work (side seam) on every 6th row 7 times (86 sts.). When 6½ ins. from beg. has been worked, make buttonhole. Right side facing, patt. 3, cast off 6, patt. next 5, cast off 6, patt. to end. Cast on 2 lots of 6 sts. over cast off ones on next row. Work until main colour is same as back, up to ribbing.

Next row.—Right side facing, cast off 12 sts., patt. to end (74 sts.). Break wool. Join dark contrast wool and using No. 13 needles, p. and dec. 6 (*Continued on page* 68)

Over a Blouse

Two indispensable items for days when the sun shines less brightly. A cardigan in a firm, non-stretch stitch to slip over a blouse and a fine wool lace-yoke blouse for warmth under a light suit

Under a Suit

MATERIALS required for the jumper are 5 (4) ozs. Lister's Lavenda 2-ply in white ; one pair of No. 12 and one pair No. 13 knitting needles ; one medium-sized crochet hook ; 3 small press studs ; ¾ yds. narrow black velvet ribbon. Working at a tension of 9 sts. and 11 rows to the inch, the instructions are given for 36-in. and 34-in. bust, the small size given in brackets, thus : 36 (34)

TO MAKE THE BACK

Using the No. 13 needles, cast on 141 (133) sts. and rib as follows :

1st row.—(P. 1, k. 1) to ending p. 1.

2nd row.—(K. 1, p. 1) to ending k. 1.

Rep. these 2 rows 24 times (= 50 rows of ribbing completed).

Change to the No. 12 needles, and st. st. inc. at each end of the 9th, then every 8th row until 161 (153) sts. on needle.

Complete 100 rows of st. st. (= 13 ins. in depth to armhole).

Shape Armholes : Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then 4 at the beg. of the next 2, then 3 at the beg. of the next 2, then 2 at the beg. of the next 2, then 1 at the beg. of the next 2 (= 131 (123) sts. on needle).

Complete 76 (74) rows of armhole shaping.

Shape Neck : Right side facing ; k. 46 (44) sts., cast off 39 (35) sts., k. to end.

Shape Shoulders : Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, starting from the armhole end, and dec. at neck edge on the first 4 rows. Cast off the remaining 6 (4) sts. Work other shoulder likewise.

TO MAKE THE FRONT

Work exactly as for the back until the armhole shaping completed (=131 (123) sts. on needle).

Right Side Facing : Commence pat, as follows :

1st row.—K. 1, * wl. fwd., k. 1, k. and p. into next st., k. 1, wl. fwd., k. 1 ; rep. from * 15 (14) times (=65 (61) sts. increased to 113 (106) sts.).

2nd row.—And all even rows, p.

3rd row.—* K. 1, wl. fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3 tog., wl. fwd. ; rep. from * to ending, k. 1 (=81 (76) sts.).

4th row.—P.

5th row.—K. 1, * wl. fwd., sl. 1, k. 3 tog., p.s.s.o., wl. fwd., k. 1 ; rep. from * to end (=65 (61) sts.).

7th row.—K. 2, * wl. fwd., k. 1, wl. fwd., k. 1, k. and p. into next st., k. 1 ; rep. from * to ending wl. fwd., k. 1, wl. fwd., k. 2 (=112 (105) sts.).

9th row.—K. 3 tog., * wl. fwd., k. 1, wl. fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3 tog. ; rep. from * to ending wl. fwd., k. 1, wl. fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. (=80 (75) sts.).

11th row.—K. 2 tog., * wl. fwd., k. 1, wl. fwd., sl. 1, k. 3 tog., p.s.s.o. ; rep. from * to ending wl. fwd., k. 1, wl. fwd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. (=65 (61) sts.).

Continue, rep. these 12 pat. rows, until 4 pats. completed and 1 row besides.

(*Continued on page* 68)

Summer rest-cure for your furs

BEAUTIFUL furs deserve good care and summer is the time to cosset them. Moth, and less obviously, a film of dust and dirt can cause irreparable damage. Annual cleaning is essential to their preservation and this is the time to have it done. A tired fur can often be entirely restored to its original silky beauty by expert cleaning.

"Expert" is the operative word. Each fur needs individual treatment, which only the resources of specialists can provide. The cost, in any case, is moderate compared with value, varying according to the type of fur.

Next in importance to cleaning, furs need a retreat into cold storage through the summer. The even-chilled temperature of the storage-rooms keeps them in perfect condition. Sending your furs into cold storage constitutes a complete check-up on their condition. Before they go into store they are examined and insignificant signs of wear and tear, perhaps overlooked by you, can be repaired before they become serious.

Here a word about the little man around the corner. He may be inexpensive, but he may not have the organisation or the research at his finger-tips necessary in retaining the personality of a fine fur in need of repair. Again, going to the specialist in furs repays any slightly higher outlay involved.

If you are storing your fur at home, don't court the danger from moths by packing away in a box or dark cupboard. Hang the coat on a wide hanger to relieve strain on shoulder seams, and give it breathing-space.

MASTERPIECES

Here, in picture and story form, is the first of a new series of the immortal novels of the past

IT was the poet Marlowe who coined the phrase, "Infinite riches in a little room." Unfortunately, we are so often preoccupied with current literature that we are apt to find no time for the riches of the past.

Particularly, perhaps, is this true of those great novels which, out-moded in some respects though they may be, yet still have so much to offer the twentieth-century reader. For not only do they give us the finest picture of the age in which they are set, to say nothing of unbeatable literary quality, they also, for sheer ingenuity of plot and intensity of character portrayal, often shame the best to-day produces.

We are not attempting in this series to reproduce the literary sense of the books we have chosen. That, besides being impertinent, would also be impossible. We simply offer the skeleton of the story in narrative form with illustrations to point the plot—a "trailer," if you like—and leave it to you to read and enjoy the book itself, where the master-hand has clothed the bones of a great story.

THE AUTHOR

Ask anyone to name a few of the great authors of the past and ten to one you won't get the name Wilkie Collins mentioned. Which is odd, because one of his many novels—*The Woman in White*—is universally recognised as one of the best three plot-novels in the whole of English fiction.

Perhaps it is because he was overshadowed by Dickens's prodigal ability as a best-seller. Perhaps because his methods were in some respect like Dickens's. *The Woman in White* was, in fact, first written under Dickens's charge and for his magazine, *All the Year Round* —he was still writing for the magazine in 1862, when his novel *No Name* was published under the pseudonym, "By the author of *The Woman in White*."

Dickens, in fact, wrote to Collins congratulating him on *The Woman in White* and signing himself "obedient disciple," a clue to the great Charles's subsequent weaving of elaborate plots in his own books.

Wilkie Collins—born 1824, died 1889—like many another in the field of literature and journalism, began his career at the Bar but devoted himself to literature. *The Woman in White* was his ninth book and appeared in 1860 when he had been writing novels for ten years. It and *The Moonstone* (1868) are his best.

In his introduction to *The Woman in White*, Collins says: "I have always held the old-fashioned opinion that the primary object of a work of fiction should be to tell a story." How right he was and how enthrallingly he did it in the book . . .

The Woman in White

Illustrations by ROBERT HODGSON

IT was a face glimpsed on a sultry night of August, on the heights above London—" a colourless, youthful face with grave, wistfully attentive eyes," a face that was to haunt Walter Hartwright through the tangled years.

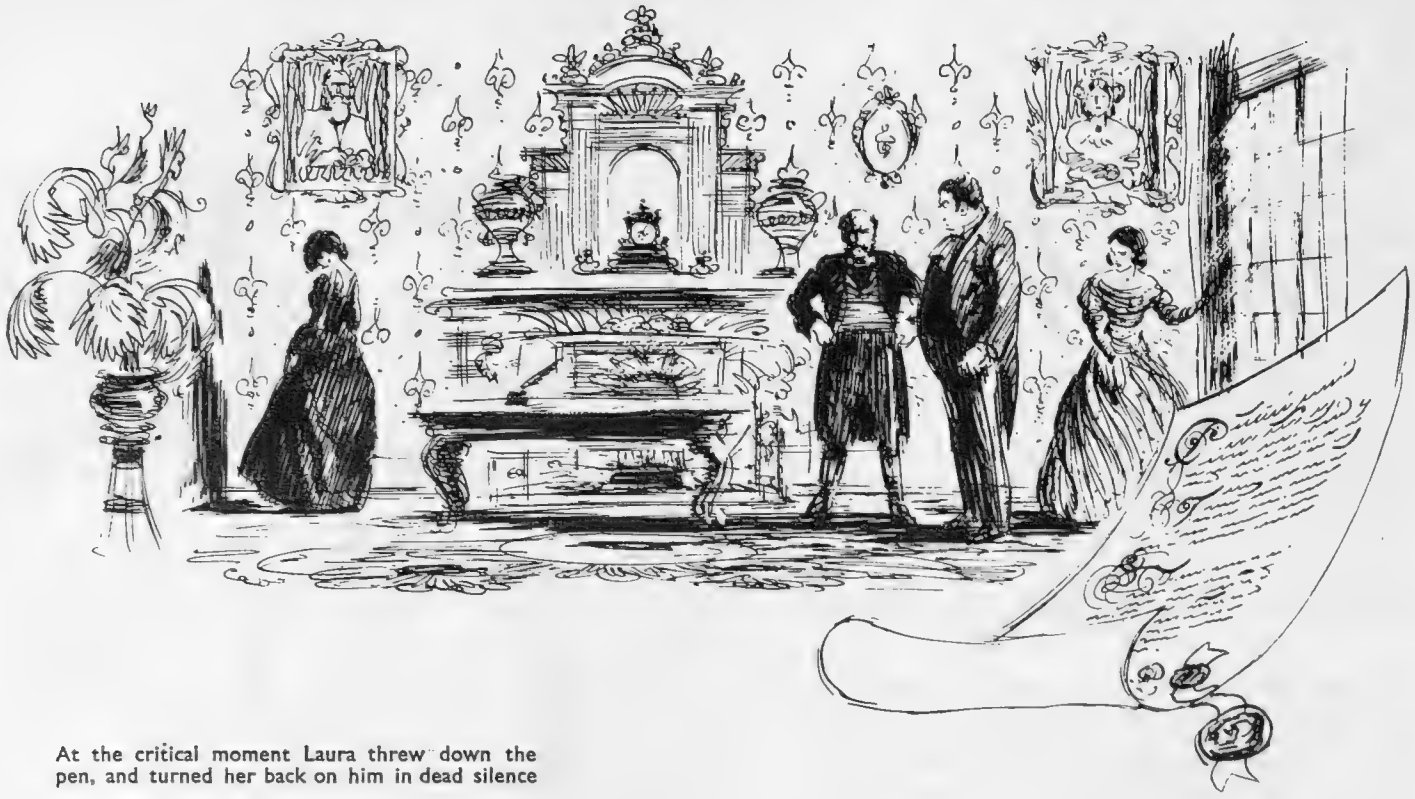
On the eve of departure to take up an appointment as drawing master to the two nieces of a wealthy landowner in Cumberland, the young man walked to his mother's cottage in Hampstead to bid farewell to her and his Italian friend Pesca—" the smallest being I ever saw out of a showroom "—who had gained him the post.

Strolling back across the deserted heath, he suddenly felt a hand laid on his shoulder and " there, in the middle of the road—as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from heaven—stood the figure of a solitary woman, dressed from head to foot in white garments, her face bent in grave inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the dark cloud over London. . . ."

That meeting on a night in 1850 was Hartright's introduction to a dark tale of intrigue and plotting shot through with a love devoted and sublime. For the woman in white was one of two women whose resemblance to each other was to form the basis of a plot to cheat one of her inheritance, the other of her life. The latter was Anne Catherick, the woman in white, the former, one of the girls in Cumberland to whom Walter was posting as tutor.

Anne Catherick, alone and frightened on the heath, told Walter she had escaped from an asylum where she had been wrongfully committed, and to his amazement

Arrived in Cumberland, Walter Hartright fell in love with Laura, the younger of his pupils



At the critical moment Laura threw down the pen, and turned her back on him in dead silence

appeared to know the Fairlie family, his new employers. He helped her to evade her pursuers, and she disappeared into the night. . . .

For Walter Hartright the next few months brought ecstasy and despair. He fell in love with the younger of his Cumberland pupils, Laura Fairlie, whose " kind, candid blue eyes . . . met mine with the one matchless look we both remember so well." But Laura, heiress to the family fortunes was, in those distant days of the mid-1800's, of another world to his. Walter, already aware of the social and pecuniary bar to their love, received the final blow when Laura's half-sister, Marion, pityingly told him of Laura's forthcoming marriage to Sir Percival Glyde. "Any room in the house was better than home to me when she entered it . . ." but convention was too strong and Walter left Limmeridge House for South America with " the image of Laura Fairlie a memory of the past already."

Six months passed—" six long, lonely months since Laura and I last saw each other," as Marion wrote in her diary when, after an Italian honeymoon, Sir Percival and his bride returned to his Hampshire estate, where Marion had taken up residence. Accompanying the newly-married couple were Count Fosco, a flamboyant Italian, and his viperish English wife—an aunt of Laura's.

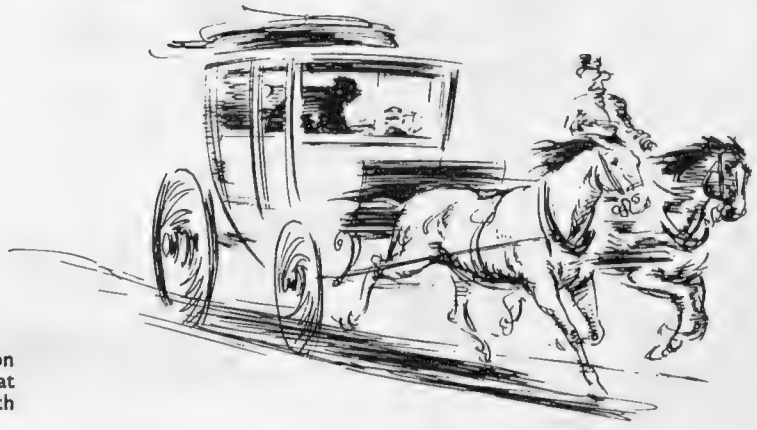
Poor watchdog Marion ! It was soon obvious to her that Laura's marriage was unhappy, and that the sinister Fosco exercised some powerful influence over Sir Percival—yet she could not at first be sure : " I certainly never saw a man whom I should be so sorry to have for an enemy. Is this because I like him, or because I am afraid of him ? "

She could not then know the answer, though her intuitive fears were soon to be confirmed and Count Fosco was ultimately revealed as the driving force behind a plot in which Sir Percival was virtually a catspaw. Fosco—Italian adventurer and bombast, himself a fugitive from an Italian secret society—had found his old friend Sir Percival in panic fear of a secret in his past being disclosed and also, like Fosco himself, in desperate need of money.

Sir Percival, in fact, was illegitimate. Anne Catherick's mother, who was under an obligation to Sir Percival, knew the secret. By chance, Anne, too, had learned it and because of her knowledge Sir Percival had succeeded

Hidden from view, Marion overheard Fosco hinting at the advantage Laura's death could mean to Glyde

While Marion was ill in her room, Laura was abducted by Sir Percival and the Count



In the asylum a woman was once again confined. But was it Anne Catherick—or another?

"Laura, Lady Glyde, was standing by the inscription, looking at me over the grave"

(before the story opens) in getting her committed to a private asylum. But the girl had escaped, and written a letter to Laura bidding her beware of Sir Percival.

In the early days of his marriage to Laura, the money problem being paramount, Sir Percival and Fosco tried to cheat her into signing a document making over her fortune to her husband. But, at the critical moment Laura threw down the pen, "looked at him with an expression in her eyes which, throughout all my experience of her, I had never seen in them before, and turned her back on him in dead silence."

Then Fosco, learning of the "extraordinary personal resemblance" of Anne Catherick to Laura and the fact that the former had escaped from a madhouse, had what he termed "the first immense conception in my mind." That conception involved "nothing less than the complete transformation of two separate identities. Lady Glyde and Anne Catherick were to change names, places and destinies, the one with the other—the prodigious consequences contemplated being the gain of £30,000 and the eternal preservation of Sir Percival's secret."

Marion overheard part of a conversation in which Fosco hinted at the advantage his wife's death could mean to Glyde, but before she could do anything further she was taken violently ill.

While Marion was confined to her room, Laura was abducted by Sir Percival and the Count, and shortly afterwards in London was reported to have been taken ill. On July 25th, 1850, a death certificate was signed by a doctor.

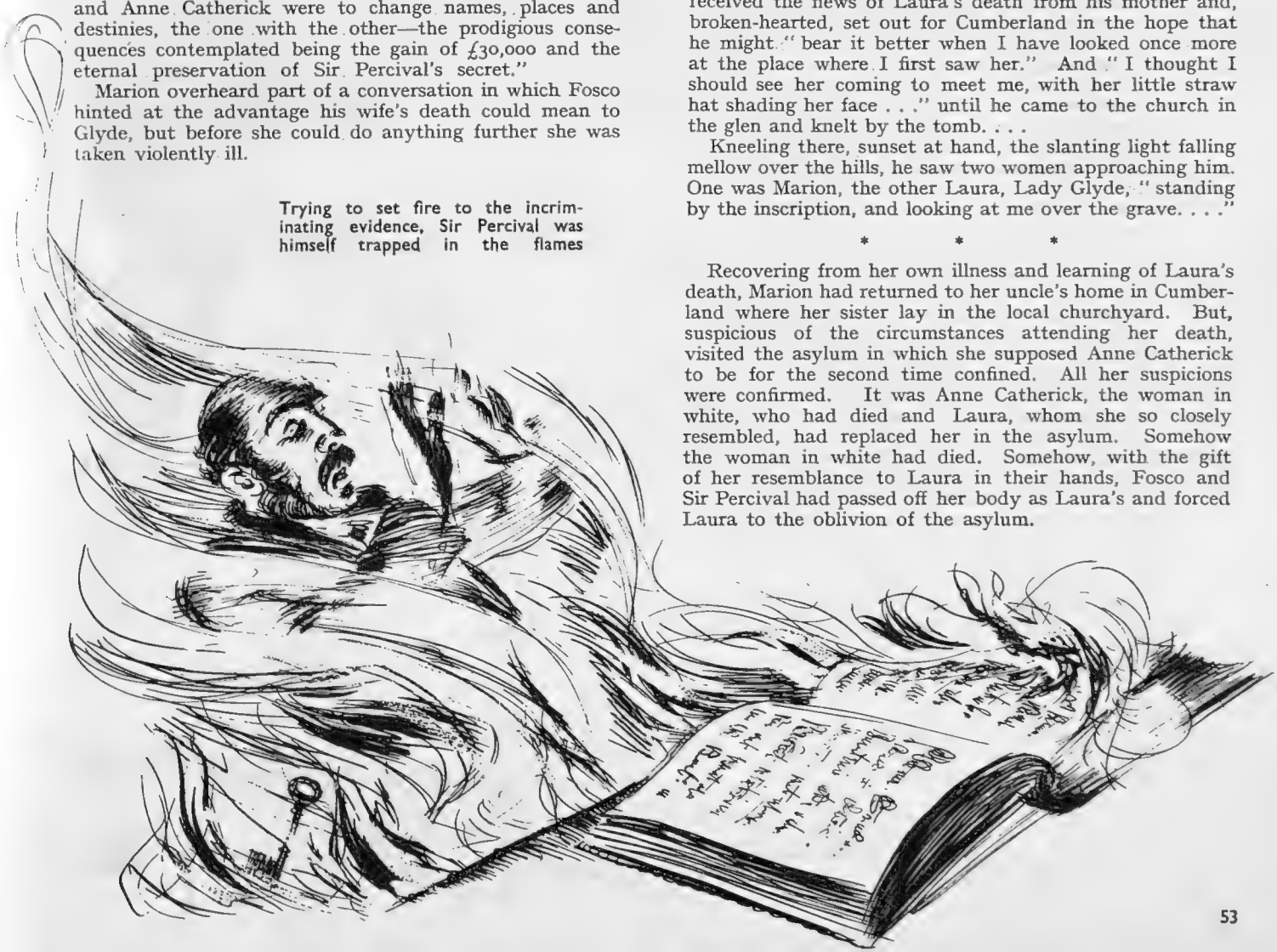
Walter Hartwright, returned from South America, received the news of Laura's death from his mother and, broken-hearted, set out for Cumberland in the hope that he might "bear it better when I have looked once more at the place where I first saw her." And "I thought I should see her coming to meet me, with her little straw hat shading her face . . ." until he came to the church in the glen and knelt by the tomb. . . .

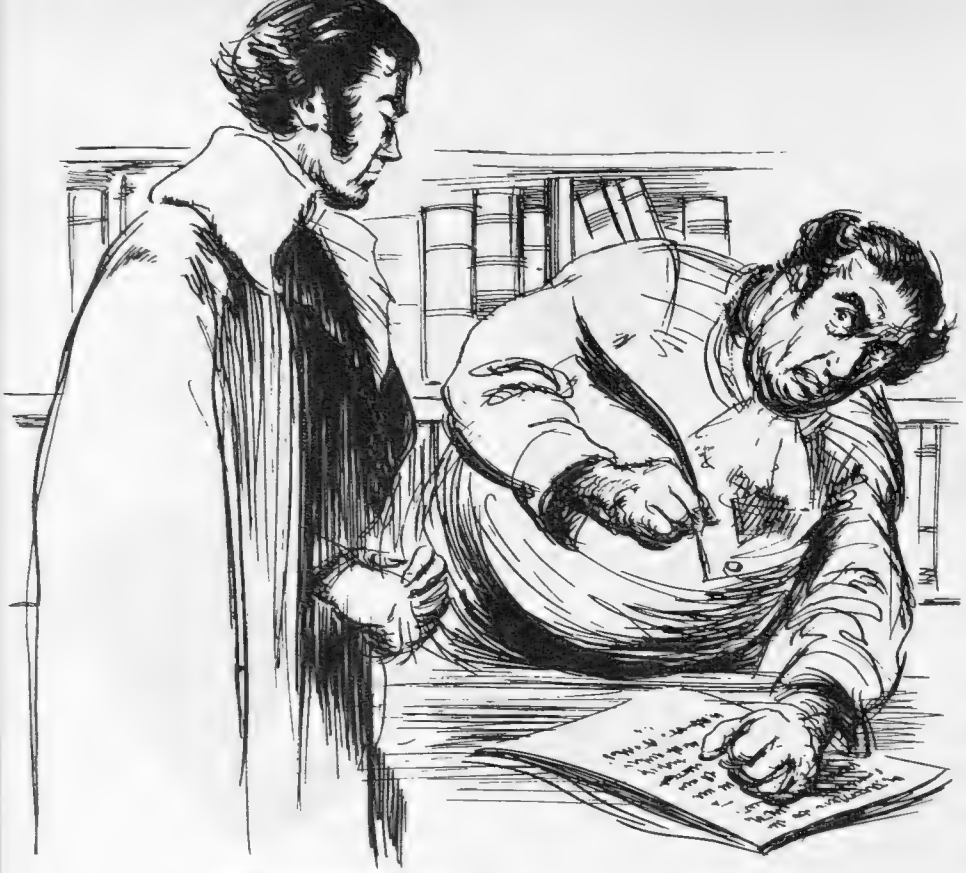
Kneeling there, sunset at hand, the slanting light falling mellow over the hills, he saw two women approaching him. One was Marion, the other Laura, Lady Glyde, "standing by the inscription, and looking at me over the grave. . . ."

* * *

Recovering from her own illness and learning of Laura's death, Marion had returned to her uncle's home in Cumberland where her sister lay in the local churchyard. But, suspicious of the circumstances attending her death, visited the asylum in which she supposed Anne Catherick to be for the second time confined. All her suspicions were confirmed. It was Anne Catherick, the woman in white, who had died and Laura, whom she so closely resembled, had replaced her in the asylum. Somehow the woman in white had died. Somehow, with the gift of her resemblance to Laura in their hands, Fosco and Sir Percival had passed off her body as Laura's and forced Laura to the oblivion of the asylum.

Trying to set fire to the incriminating evidence, Sir Percival was himself trapped in the flames





Walter confronted Fosco at his home and demanded a full, signed confession of the conspiracy

Walter returned to Laura with the news of her husband's death and now, with the blessings of the devoted Marion, they were free to marry. "The door opened and Laura came in alone. So she had entered the room at Limmeridge House on the morning we parted. Now she came with the haste of happiness in her feet." Ten days later they were married.

Determined to see justice done to the woman he loved, Walter continued his search for the proof he needed. Until, one day chance brought him, with his Italian friend Pesca, to the Opera. There in the audience was Count Fosco. Pesca did not know him, but, to Hartright's surprise, it was clear that the Count knew Pesca—"knew him, and—more surprising still—*feared* him as well!"

Pesca, whose past was something of a mystery to his friend, realised that Fosco was a fugitive from an Italian secret brotherhood, of which he, too, was one—and had recognised Pesca as a member of that same brotherhood. The end was now in sight, for Fosco, though contemptuous of all else, feared the representative of the secret society whose retribution he knew to be death. Hartright, alone, confronted Fosco at his home and demanded a "signed confession of the conspiracy"—in exchange for an undertaking to aid his escape from the country.

Laura's identity was now fully established—and the full details of the fantastic plot to cheat her of her inheritance—an inheritance which, under the terms of the marriage settlement, passed to her husband should she die before him.

But, by bribery, Marion had manœuvred Laura's escape and brought her to Cumberland, there to come face to face with Walter. Reunited, the trio found lodgings in London and Walter pursued the evidence which might bring Sir Percival and the Count to justice—for Laura was now officially "dead" and only circumstantial evidence could establish the true identities of the living woman and the dead woman in white of whom Hartright wrote: "So the ghostly figure which has haunted these pages as it haunted my life, goes down into the impenetrable gloom."

Knowing that the exposure of Sir Percival's family secret would put Sir Percival and the Count at his mercy, Hartwright searched church registers for proof that Sir Percival's whole claim to his own great estate was a fraud. At last he found the entry of the marriage of Sir Percival's parents, but still unconvinced because he had discovered the register to be a copy, Walter continued his search for the first entry. Finding the original register at last, he discovered that on the page where the Glyde entry should have been was "Nothing! Not a vestige of an entry which recorded the marriage of Sir Felix Glyde and Cecilia Jan Ester." The copy was a forgery.

Sir Percival, aware of Walter's discoveries, made a desperate last attempt to hide the truth, and raided the lonely church at night to destroy the register. But, trying to set fire to it and its incriminating evidence he was himself trapped by the flames. So, Walter, a witness of the tragedy, comes face to face with his enemy, "stark and grim and black—there was the dead face. So, for the first and last time, I saw him."

The trail was now at an end, but the evidence was destroyed, and there was still Fosco, the brains behind the plotting, to be dealt with.

SOUFFLÉS

—sweet and savoury

If soufflés appear all too seldom on the menu, it is because they are generally considered difficult to make. This article proves otherwise . . .

By JANET DARBY

I KNOW I have said it before, but it will bear repeating. Cooking is a matter of common sense. You need a cool head, cool hands, an accurate sense of timing, and, of course, the appropriate ingredients. Common sense includes an enquiring mind, so that you can understand what is happening to your materials when you blend and mix them.

Cooks who will quite confidently set to and produce acceptable omelettes, scrambles, fries or poaches, will often hesitate about undertaking soufflés. They think there is some mystery about making them. That delicious melt-in-the-mouth texture must surely require a special skill, they say. Or special utensils, or *something*. Surely you can't produce such a miracle of lightness by using mere eggs. Mere, indeed! The only miracle is the egg itself. Given really fresh eggs, a little flour, a little milk and—this is very important indeed—your guests or family waiting for the dish, and you can produce perfect soufflés.

The foundation of the soufflé is the panada, which is a blend of flour, butter and milk. The success of your soufflé depends on cooking the panada sufficiently, so that the mixture does not stick to the sides of the pan. After that, the rest is easy.

Nor do you need special dishes for it. A soufflé dish is very pretty, but a plain, round cake-tin or a round oven-glass dish will serve your purpose, well buttered and two-thirds filled to allow for rising. Whether you steam or bake your soufflé, be sure to remove any drops from the edge of the dish, because such drops would cook and harden more quickly than the soufflé itself, and might well prevent it from growing to its full height. For steaming you need slowly-boiling water, while for baking you need a quick oven (420° F.) (Regulo 7) heated in advance of course. And, I repeat, you want a *waiting* dinner-party. Like time, soufflés wait for no man. (*Continued on page* 68)

You Can't Run Away (*Continued from page 15*)

fool of myself . . . and you were a friend of my brother's, so . . . well, if you want to let off steam again you may as well do it here." The Section Officer's face was turned from him.

"It 's a deal, Section Officer."

BERESFORD had his eyes screwed up trying to focus on a speck that came twisting out of the blue abyss. "There he goes!" he said. Hardcastle's eyes were worried. He was thinking that when a man had his head in the clouds and his feet on the ground something had to suffer, and for the last week the station had been suffering. Beresford hadn't settled down.

He looked at Hardcastle, now, with eyes that were abstracted. "That 's it for to-day. We 'll pack up."

Hardcastle watched him go with relief. The Wing-Commander kept going until he reached the W.A.A.F. compound. Arrived there, he stood over Section Officer Mitchell and let off steam. At the end of a bitter tirade he said, "What 's the good of it all?"

She sat at her desk and watched him with her eyes wide. "You 're not exactly easy to get on with, you know. Any time anyone goes near you you bite them. They 're mostly young and harmless, they 'd like you if you let them. You should spend more time in the Mess."

"It 's full of ghosts."

"You don't lay ghosts by running away."

"Will you have dinner with me to-night?"

"I . . . I don't think that 's a very good idea, sir."

"I haven't seen the town yet. I suppose I have to go that alone too." He waited for a moment. "Do I?"

The Section Officer said "No." She didn't look up. "But you must promise to behave. No letting off steam."

"It's another deal, Section Officer."

THE hotel lounge was opulent, in an old-fashioned way. Beresford stood looking about him, then moved off to where he could see the neat blonde head bent over a magazine.

He came up grinning. "I 'm in a spin. Haven't taken a girl out in years. What do we do? Have a drink first?"

"I 'd love one."

They went through the dining-room to the cocktail bar. "I like your hair, Sarah," he added. He looked at her uneasily.

Sarah Mitchell smiled across at him, her eyes on a level with his own. "I hoped I wasn't going to be Section Officer all evening."

"Sarah Agnes Mitchell," the Wing-Commander looked up at a saucy cherub with his brow wrinkled. "Age twenty-five. Colour of hair, blonde. There 's a lot more, but you know it."

Sarah Mitchell rocked her glass to and fro, examining the faint smudge of lipstick on the rim. "What about Peter Beresford?"

"Peter Beresford, Wing-Commander. Fed up. Loses his temper easily except in understanding company."

"Recreations; Turning the heads of Section Officers."

"Not yours. It 's screwed on too tight."

Sarah looked up at him critically. "Age about . . ." she hesitated.

"Go on. You won't embarrass me."

"About twelve," she said, and her eyes were quite serious. "I 'm afraid he 's still a little boy."

The head waiter came between them. "Your table is ready, sir." They followed him into the dining room.

They sat for a long time talking over the coffee cups. So long that there were no other diners left, and the waiters were flicking at the tables with bored napkins. Then they drove slowly back to the station. In the car park the Wing-Commander switched off the engine and felt for his cigarette case.

From the Mess across the parade ground, the sound of singing just reached them. There was horseplay going on.

Beresford shifted in his seat but Sarah Mitchell put a hand on his arm. "Relax. You were twice as bad."

"How do *you* know?"

"My brother told me about the things that went on. It 's a tradition now. You should be proud you helped to make it."

"Let 's go," said the Wing-Commander.

They left the car and walked towards the compound. When they were out of earshot he took her arm. "Don't hurry, Sarah. I 'd forgotten what it was like to have fun."

Peter Beresford pulled her close. In the bright moonlight they became one amorphous shadow. He ruffled her short, blonde hair. "It 's like silver," he said, and kissed her.

Sarah drew her lips across his cheek. "It 's a week since I arrested you. This is quite wrong." She drew away from him leaving her hands on his shoulders. "Nannie thinks it 's time for bed."

"Not yet . . . please."

Section Officer Mitchell faced him squarely. "It 's been a lovely evening, sir, thank you, sir." She saluted. "And I 'm afraid there 's lipstick on your chin, sir."

"I don't care . . . Section Officer!" But Sarah Mitchell was gone . . .

THE Wing-Commander dismissed the parade and as they melted away he walked slowly over to the compound. He went through the door of the Section Officer's office and flung his cap on the filing cabinet. "I 'm afraid our date to-night is off."

Sarah said noncommittally "Yes. I 'd heard."

"News travels fast."

"Bad news does."

"What else could I do? Two accidents in three days, just due to damned carelessness."

"No one was hurt."

"That 's not the point. They could have been."

In no time at all they were having a flaming row. Sarah Mitchell said, "It wasn't necessary to cancel everybody's leave."

"Oh, hell." The Wing-Commander walked the length of the office and back again.

"I think it 's unfair," went on Sarah Mitchell. "You crashed a plane once doing a silly stunt. My brother told me."

"That was different."

"It wasn't different. That's what you don't understand." Her eyes were sparkling with anger. "It 's you that 's different. You 're fed up. You 're jealous because they 're flying and you 're not."

Beresford took his cap from the cabinet. "You don't understand."

"Little boys are easy to understand. You 're living in the past. You 've got an important job to do and you won't do it. Instead you take it out on everyone."

"Save it, Section Officer," he said bitterly, and went to the door.

Sarah Mitchell came round the side of her desk. "The deal 's over, sir."

"Don't worry. You won't see me here again except on duty." He strode off.

BERESFORD felt the sting of her words for two days. His face was like a thundercloud and the station was plunged in gloom. Only on the third day did he start to think about what she 'd said.

Was he sorry for himself? He decided that maybe he was. He got up from the desk where he had been steadily mutilating his blotter with a pen, and walked over to the window. He was whistling through his teeth. The airfield spread away in front of him.

He was responsible for it all . . . for every man . . . for every screw. He pulled a hand across his tired face. "Lord, what a fool I am," he muttered. In fifteen minutes Beresford grew up. After all, he thought, hadn't he had his share of the blue?

He strode across and opened the door. "Leave 's on again, Hardcastle."

"Yes, sir." Hardcastle grinned back at him.

"And get Section Officer Mitchell for me," said the Wing-Commander.

Hardcastle looked surprised. "I think she 's gone, sir."

"Gone? Gone where?"

"Transferred at her own request, sir. She was due to go this morning."

"Why wasn't I told?"

"You signed the order, sir."

"I sign them, but I don't read the damn things. Get me the transport section on the phone." He went back to his desk, pounding a fist into his open palm. When the phone buzzed he snapped it up. "Has Section Officer Mitchell left yet?"

"Ten minutes ago in the pick-up, sir. Driver Evans."

"Send my car over immediately."

A quarter of an hour later they drew alongside the pick-up and the Wing-Commander waved it into the verge. Then he got out of the car and walked back to it.

Section Officer Mitchell was sitting quite still in the front seat. Beresford ignored her. He said, "Evans, you can go back to the café in my car."

"Yes, sir."

WHEN the car had gone he walked around to the other side of the pick-up. "Why are you leaving, Sarah?"

She looked up at him obliquely. "I 've been transferred."

He opened the door. "Get out. I can't see you in there."

"Yes, sir." Sarah Mitchell climbed out and stood composedly by the mudguard.

"And for Heaven's sake don't call me sir" "Why 'd you ask for a transfer?"

"Because I don't want to stay here."

"What is it. Do you think I 'm so hopeless?"

Sarah Mitchell's finger traced a pattern in the dust on the mudguard. "Not hopeless, but the little boy is altogether too precocious."

"You won 't realise that the war has been over a long time and that you 've got to take some responsibilities. You were a little boy then."

"Oh, save it," said Beresford desperately.

"You could make this the best station in England if you wanted to."

"Anyway it needn't bother you. You 're clearing out."

"I have my own special reason for clearing out. I was sorry for you to begin with, and then I fell in love with you. That 's why I 'm clearing out."

Beresford's eyes stared beyond her, unfocussed in the intensity of his thought.

Behind him, Sarah Mitchell watched him forlornly. For the only time in her life she 'd shown a man her heart and then told him he couldn't have it. After a while he spoke without looking at her. "I 'll get Evans."

She heard his steps receding, farther and farther away, down the metalled road.

It seemed hours later when Evans came back and got into the pick-up.

Evans said "Okay, Ma'am?"

She nodded. Evans started the engine and backed to the verge. Then he spun the wheel and they swept forward. Sarah Mitchell looked up sharply. "You 've turned? This is the way we came."

"Wing-Commander's orders, Ma'am. He 's waiting at the corner."

She looked ahead and saw Beresford's tall figure beside the car. She felt breathless suddenly. In another moment they 'd drawn alongside.

He opened the door. "I 'm taking you in the car, Section Officer." It was an order.

She climbed out delicately and walked across to the car without looking at him. He snapped the door shut and went round to the driver's seat. Out of the tail of her eye, Sarah saw the pick-up pulling away.

Looking straight ahead she said "This is against orders."

"I give the orders," said Beresford shortly.

"But I don't belong to your station any more." She tried to make her voice sound reasonable, but there was a falter in it.

Beresford looked down at her. "No," he said. "You don't belong to any station. You belong to me." His hand crept up to her short, blonde hair and pulled her head back.

"I belong to you." She said it softly as a prayer. [END]

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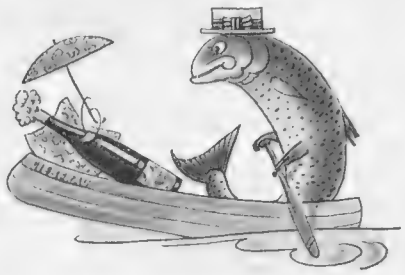

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IN PACKETS AT 10½D

FRESH UP FROM SOMERSET

Nurse ! (*Continued from page* 9)

A sort of emergency reception committee waited in the courtyard of the hospital. It consisted of a young doctor, a nurse and a porter with a wheel-chair. They were all unemotional and efficient. Alison was told that she could wait if she liked, but I should be there some time and they promised to get me home. So, urged by me, she went back in the ambulance and I set out for the X-ray department, after answering questions about my age and my husband's occupation.

My arm had to be taken full face and profile and needed to be moved a little which was not pleasant, kind and gentle as the young operator was. After that, I was tucked up on a bed in the casualty department to await the result.

Time went very slowly. A nurse, who seemed to have plenty of it on her hands, exchanged badinage with one of the porters. I was very tired of their sallies by the time the wheel-chair came back with the news that my X-rays had come up.

We went off, along corridors, to the young doctor. He greeted me with delighted recognition that had nothing to do with my personal charms, but meant, I soon discovered, that he was enthralled by the result of my X-rays.

"I haven't seen a smash like this for over a year. Nothing to touch it," he gloated.

"May I look?" I asked, as he continued to croon over the plates. He hesitated, then he decided to share the treat.

"You won't understand, of course," he said. "But you've broken this . . . and that . . . and this shows a comminuted fracture . . . and you see here? That's practically pulp."

He was so happy that I felt I had not lived in vain. He told me that they were very slack that morning and he plainly regarded me as a gift from Heaven. He asked how I had come a crack like that. His one regret seemed to be that I had no damage anywhere else. I felt like apologizing.

I asked with some apprehension how long this would keep me out of action. I broke my wrist three years ago, but once the plaster was off all was well and I drove a car up to Scotland immediately afterwards.

"It'll be much longer this time," he said, with ghoulish gusto. "Never break an elbow. The only joint that handicaps you more is a knee-cap."

This was definitely being wise after the event and got us nowhere. But I tried to make myself dwell on the fact that, even if it wasn't going to be much fun for me, he had a lot of pleasure out of it. I was quite sorry to leave him, but a tour of the hospital seemed to have been planned for me and the chair and I set out—this time accompanied by a folder containing my X-rays.

I never discovered the exact reason for my trip round the different departments. The chair and I fetched up outside various doors, on which were the names of different doctors. But, sooner or later, before we reached the head of the queue of the people already waiting, we were whisked away again. I kept on starting conversations with people who had some part of their anatomy in plaster, but I never finished them.

Various doctors and nurses took a look at my X-rays: no one bothered about me, personally, at all. But at last a kind sister in the casualty department, where by some mysterious process I found myself for the second time, realized that the comminuted fracture had a brain and a body attached to it. She asked if I had had any lunch. I said that I had better not have anything to eat. Would I like a cup of tea, then, she asked. But I had been taken away again before the tea materialized.

I met more white-coated young men who began to ask me more and more questions. "What was my religion?" "Who was my next of kin?" Sinister inquiries that did little to cheer me up. "Will you please sign this?" "This" was a horrid little form absolving anyone from responsibility if I passed out under the anaesthetic. I scrawled a signature with my left hand, inquiring, with some heat, the point of all this. The young man of the moment took no notice. He said "Age, please?" and went on with his form-filling. I said that I wouldn't answer any more questions until he gave me some details.

He dropped his pen and stared at me. Then, as one humouring a small child, he told me that I was "being admitted." I said, "*Why?*"

He struggled against all the traditions of his training. In the end he told me all. My elbow was much too badly smashed up for anything less than a general reconstruction—and that would mean an operation. No, he really didn't know how long I should be in hospital—that would depend on the specialist. In the meantime they would set it and put it in plaster.

I asked if I might ring up my home. It seemed to me a perfectly reasonable request. After some fuss I was allowed to use one of the casualty telephones and told Alison, who had been expecting me back for tea, that I should need nightgowns, a dressing-gown and a tooth-brush at least. Could she bring them over?

I was relieved to find that my retinue had been reduced to the three most human of the doctors. We adjourned to the plaster room, where they took off the splint and the padding. There was much merriment over the under-clothes. "Got a Boy Scout in the family?" they asked, waving the most disreputable pair of briefs at the nurse who had come along to help.

They gave me gas and I came round to find my arm in plaster. Soon we set out for one of the wards. I always wondered what a stretcher case felt like—it is not as exciting as it looks.

Every occupant of every bed was agog. They probably expected someone with far worse injuries. A screen was round one bed and a young nurse undressed me with speed and skill. I thought of my nannie and her exhortations always to have tidy under-clothes—you never knew when you might meet with an accident. But I had always imagined that I should be snatched from under a carriage and pair—certainly not damaging myself by falling downstairs in my own house

Nurse produced revolting pyjamas; the top and trousers made no attempt to match, though both were the same prickly flannel. When I demurred she said severely that it would be impossible to get my unwieldy plaster through a smaller armhole.

She had a grave young face and she was briskly impersonal. After the brief interlude in the plaster room, I had reverted to my status as the comminuted fracture.

But, when the screens were removed, the other patients were kind as could be. They asked how I felt now—one of them brought me a cup of tea. And the elderly occupant of the next bed greeted me joyfully.

She told me that my bed had been empty for some days—she was *that* glad to see me.

"No one knows what I've been through with my leg these last weeks," she told me. "Would you believe it, love . . . ?"

It would be no fault of hers if I missed any detail of her injuries. She took no interest at all in mine. I was, to her, a heaven-sent audience and a human being. I felt that I should be very glad of her in the near future.

END

Paris Encounter (*Continued from page* 8)

said with a little sigh, "things change, is it not? It is, after all, a most evil world."

"Is there something wrong, Madame?" Jean-Jacques asked, with a look that was meant to tell her that no matter what it was, he would put it right for her.

"Only that one's friends are leaving, one by one," she gave him a sad little smile and Jean-Jacques' heart ached for her, "I think how nice it would be to leave, too, and go with you back to St. Martin in your ship, no?"

"But madame," Jean-Jacques said in alarm, "this ship that I must go in, it is a ship of the troops. It would not be possible. . . ."

"*Oh, là!*" Grand'mère cried, laughing at him, "do not then be so literal, you! And perhaps after all," she added, obliquely, "it will all blow over and one can be gay again, no?"

"Of course. I mean yes, I'm sure it will," Jean-Jacques, who hadn't the faintest idea what she was talking about, said comfortingly.

They were sitting outside a café on a broad tree-lined avenue, and although the sun was brilliant, the first sharp nip of autumn was in the air. Grand'mère had drawn her furs close to her face, and the long ear-rings she wore sparkled half-hidden against them.

The side-walk was crowded; men and women in uniform, the British girls looking trim and businesslike, the Americans looking as if they were dressed up to act a part in a play, French girls managing to look gay and *chic* in spite of thin faces and worn clothes, Frenchmen wearing that indefinable Parisian air of holding themselves aloof from the passing throng. Jean-Jacques loved it all, and glancing at Grand'mère's half-averted face, he knew that she was loving it, too, far more than he could ever understand, because she was a part of it, and because she had lived here through the darkest days, making of them the best she could.

It was at that moment that Jean-Jacques knew for certain something he had often suspected, and the long finger of sunlight across his cheek seemed suddenly cold and accusing.

"Madame," he said gently, "*chère* madame, are you in trouble of any sort?"

"Of the worst sort, I think," she told him soberly, after only the smallest pause, the diamond ear-drops shining like tears against her cheeks, "Jean-Jacques, what is this now, a *collaborateur*?"

"Ah, *non*!" Jean-Jacques said in a low horrified whisper, "is it true, madame?"

"It is what they say," she moved restlessly and her small vivid face began to look dark and pinched, "I do not well understand it, but my friends—some of my friends—have told me about this thing, and that my name has been given to the authorities. Also two friends of mine have been . . . taken away. For punishment, I think. When I wished to ask advice, I found that many officers I knew—even one general, Jean-Jacques, imagine to yourself!—have gone home. Nothing remains the same, you see. What can I do, I who am old and alone?"

She was looking at him with the wide candid eyes of Françine, and Jean-Jacques very nearly reached across the little iron table with its two little piles of saucers, to put his arms round her. Instead he took her hands in their silky black suède gloves and held them gently in his big ones.

"Madame," he said, "will you tell me please what you did to make the authorities—er—suspicious of you?"

"But nothing, I assure you, Jean-Jacques!" Grand'mère was at it again, turning on the full flood of her charm, and as Jean-Jacques felt it pouring over him, prickling his skin and making his susceptible French heart skip a beat or two, he thought wickedly that if she carried on like that before any tribunal in the world, there wasn't a group of men anywhere who wouldn't acquit her, and probably pin a few medals on her as she left, into the bargain.

"But nothing, *mon cher*!" Grand'mère was saying, managing to look like a lost child, a siren on a rock and Lorelei Lee all rolled into one irresistible small body, "one smiled a little—one made a little coffee—only a Frenchwoman can make good coffee, as all the world (*Continued on page* 60)

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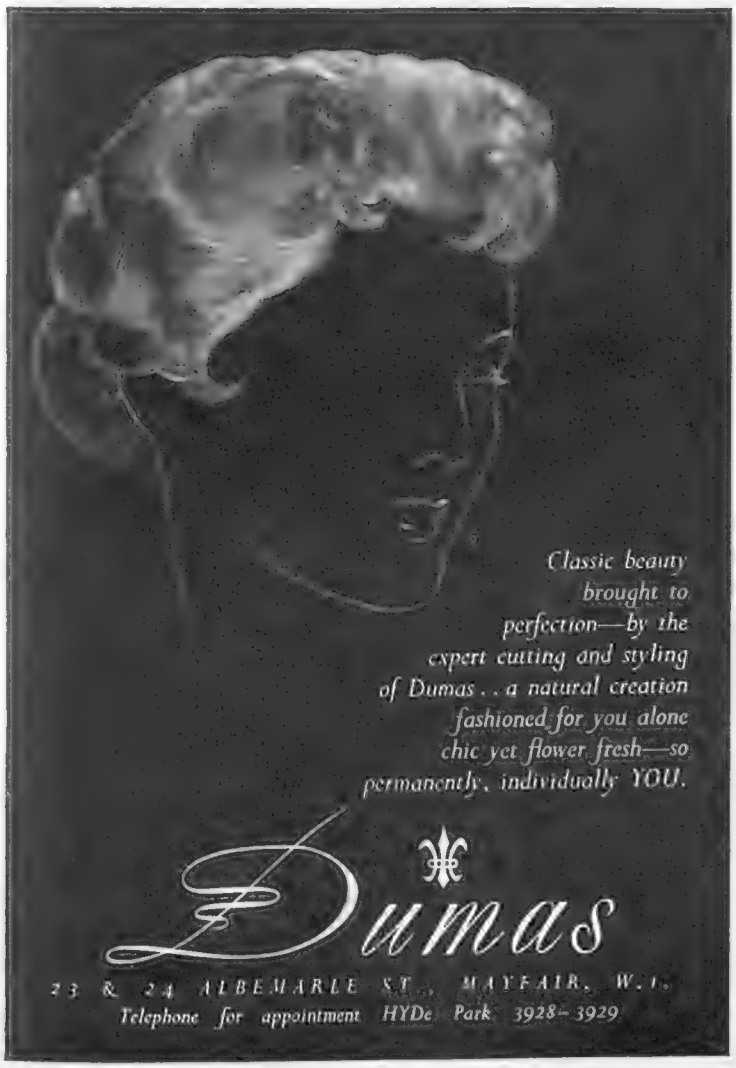
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knows—one listened—one looked at photographs of wives and children. It is the same with all soldiers, is it not?"

Jean-Jacques, still holding those cuddly little hands, rather thought that it was, and that in any case, the difference would not be apparent to Grand'mère.

"I do not think," he said doubtfully, "that you could be punished for that—if that was all?"

"That was all," Grand'mère said with an upward sweep of dark lashes that made Jean-Jacques feel dizzy.

"Really all, madame?"

"Ah, well," Grand'mère began to look sly. She peeped at Jean-Jacques over the soft furs, she wriggled her hands in his.

"*Eh, bien?*" he tried to sound stern.

"There were little things, of course," Grand'mère said hurriedly, "and it was so very difficult to refuse, because you see, if one did, one would often have been cold, perhaps even hungry, and with no pretty things to wear at all, and that would have been quite insupportable, no?"

"Quite," Jean-Jacques said. He released her hands with a couple of gentle pats and sat looking at her thoughtfully. Collaborator. An ugly word for an ugly thing, and a disgrace that would reach out across an ocean and smear its black mark upon the pink farmhouse that held Grandpère, growing old alone, Maman and Papa to whom all the village looked up, and Françine, who was the heart of his heart.

It seemed to Jean-Jacques that there was only one thing to be done; Grand'mère would have to hide away from the consequences of her folly—he couldn't make himself believe that it had been more than that—and at the same time make up for years of neglect, by going back, as soon as it could be arranged, to St. Martin-le-comte.

He told her so quickly, not giving himself time to think how it was all going to be managed, and was appalled to see tears come into Grand'mère's eloquent dark eyes. She caught them at once, of course, before they could spoil her make-up or make her mascara run, and she gave the most enchanting little sob, which melted Jean-Jacques like butter in the sun.

"You are right, *mon cher*," she told him, "it is too sad here now, everything is ended —even my apartment——"

"You have to give it up?"

"The rent is very high," Grand'mère told him with sad dignity, and he felt abashed.

"But St. Martin!" she wailed suddenly, causing two Air Force officers at the next table to start nervously, "is there at least a *salle de bain* in this house now?"

Jean-Jacques told her that there had been a bathroom for years, and that the roses were finer every summer. Grand'mère dismissed the roses with a sniff, and so he told her that there was a movie every week in the school and many picnics in the summer and sleigh-rides in the winter.

"There is always something to do," he assured her cheerfully. But all the time he was talking he was remembering a machine he had once been shown for stamping cards. If the wrong card was put into it, the machine gave a sort of shriek and pushed it out again, and that was exactly what happened in Jean-Jacques' mind every time he tried to fit Grand'mère into the remembered picture of that warm, close-knit family life in St. Martin-le-comte.

"Come," she said suddenly, "it is cold here and soon it will be time for dinner. You must go back tonight?"

"Yes. I . . . shall I make inquiries for you, madame?"

"It would be very kind," she said listlessly, "I think . . . perhaps . . . it may be necessary to hurry."

"I shall do my possible, *chère madame*," Jean-Jacques said.

Before his eyes came a sudden mental picture of himself and Grand'mère dancing South American dances in the village school, with *M. le Curé* looking on. *Mon Dieu*, thought Jean-Jacques, sweating a little in the evening air, this is going to be all that there is of the most difficult.

Before they parted, he had promised to write at once to Grandpère and to Maman, by air-mail, and to apply for a passage for Grand'mère on one of the crowded liners, on the grounds that she was a grandmother going to join her family in Canada, and, as delicately as he could, he suggested that it might be as well, before she applied in person for passport and tickets, to make herself *look* a little more like a grandmother.

"Like this, no?" Grand'mère pulled down the corners of her mouth, bent her shoulders forward, and hobbled a few difficult steps holding on to his arm. Several people laughed delightedly.

"A little like that, perhaps," Jean Jacques conceded.

"Ah, well, we shall see!" completely cheerful again, Grand'mère raised herself on her toes and kissed him warmly on both cheeks.

"*Au'voir, mon cher petit* Jean-Jacques," she said, giving him a little squeeze. She made him turn half round and showed him the Dubonnet signs coming on, the lights in the cafés, the dark evening sky which is always a little bluer and darker over Paris than anywhere else, the groups of hurrying laughing girls.

"Paris," Grand'mère said, "it is all my life."

"*Au 'voir*, madame," Jean-Jacques said, choking.

It would be well, he thought, as he strode off in the wrong direction, it would be very well indeed if he and Françine were to be married as soon as he got home. In that way, *vois-tu*, Jean-Jacques told himself, there would be more room in the farm-house for Grand'mère. If he had any other thought in his mind than that one, he squashed it down firmly, scandalized at the idea that Françine might be jealous—and with good reason—of her own Grand'mère.

JEAN-JACQUES could move quickly when he wanted to, and spurred on by the thought of Grand'mère waiting in the apartment she could no longer afford, dogged by her outraged and cold-eyed fellow-countrymen, he moved very quickly indeed, and had accomplished a great deal by the time he was able to wangle a special pass to Paris "on family business." ("Every guy in this outfit's got relations in Paris," the officer grumbled.)

It was true that the cables from St. Martin had lacked real enthusiasm, but Jean-Jacques thought it would not be necessary to show them to Grand'mère; he would just tell her what was in them, which he could easily make up as he went along.

"Very well," Grandpère had cabled and not another word out of him, and Maman's message had said, "She should bring bedding." The cable from Papa had read; "Consider well, my old," and Françine, naturally, had not thought it necessary to cable at all.

Jogging along the straight, poplar-lined road in the army truck, Jean-Jacques thought of St. Martin-le-comte; the maples which would be gold and scarlet and russet by now, the great bunches of bitter-sweet clustered with crimson berries that Françine would be gathering to bring into the house, and the clean smell of early morning after the first frosts. Surely Grand'mère would love it? Surely she would be glad to be warm and safe and a part of a family.

He went first to the canteen, intending to wash and have a quick cup of coffee, before attempting the hazardous business of getting through to Grand'mère on the Paris telephone, but she was there, just as he had first seen her, in a tight black dress draped into a large bow on her left hip, pouring coffee, offering cigarettes, smiling and twinkling and warming everybody's heart with her gaiety and charm.

"Jean-Jacques!" she cried, "how are you, *mon petit*? And where have you been for so long?"

"It is not long, madame," he said, holding her hand and feeling, as he always did with her, excited and a little wicked, "although for me, it seems a year—two years perhaps!"

"*Ah, ça!*" she laughed delightedly, "you try to make me blush, no?"

"I should like to," Jean-Jacques said, while one part of his mind stood apart, and asked coldly how this kind of conversation was going to sound in St. Martin-le-comte, *par exemple*?

"I have much to tell you," he said, and she nodded and said that tomorrow he must come and have lunch with her, she would cook a *poulet Jean-Jacques*, which she had just invented, and they would talk for hours.

"Tomorrow?" he looked at her in surprise, "but time presses, madame. Do you not want to hear at once what I have done?"

"Done? What then have you done, *mon cher*? Nothing wicked, I hope?"

"Why, the air-letters to St. Martin, and the applications for a passage, and . . ." he stopped. Grand'mère's hand, as small as Françine's, and a great deal softer and smoother, had flown to her mouth, and she was staring at him over it, wide-eyed and startled.

There was a long moment of tension, during which Jean-Jacques wondered if it would be a good idea to give her a good slap, and then she began to laugh, gaily and naturally, calling him her foolish one, her knight in armour, her cabbage, her dear little Jean-Jacques who really thought—oh, no, it was not possible!—that she would really wish to bury herself in that village where one went for picnics in the summer and sleigh-rides in the winter! She patted his sleeve, she reached up and kissed his cheek, she smiled, she twinkled, and Jean-Jacques stood looking at her as if he had turned to stone.

"It was for you, madame," he said, "because you were in trouble."

"Trouble!" she cried gaily. "but is one not always in trouble? But one finds a way —always one finds a way. Now, *cher* Jean-Jacques this evening I am a little busy, but tomorrow at lunch we will talk, no?"

"Thank you, madame," he said slowly.

She gave him a quick, doubtful glance and then her attention was taken by the arrival of a big man in an impressive-looking uniform. Grand'mère greeted him with the full battery of her charm and announced that she would be ready in one little moment.

She did not look towards Jean-Jacques again, but he stared at the uniform of a *Chef de Sûreté*, feeling the laughter begin to bubble in his throat. "One always finds a way," she had said. Watching her sail triumphantly out on the arm of the obviously besotted Chief of Police, Jean-Jacques reflected that this time Grand'mère was taking no chances.

He took a stub of pencil from his pocket and began to write out another cable.

END

Let Him Be Himself (*Continued from page* 12)

"This is a sweet-working wood—a very sweet-working wood!"

The human character is, or can be, or was assuredly created and intended to be, a sweet-working wood. Who do you think you are, pray, to work it *against the grain*?

There is a form of horticulture (or gardening if you prefer, as I certainly do) which never fails to give me a physical pang. It is the clipping of yew or box into ingenious shapes of peacocks or battlements or spirals, or what-you-will. To me, it is a distortion and an unnatural achievement. I just cannot rid myself of the idiotic feeling that it must hurt the green and live shrub as much as it hurts me. . . .

To return to human beings: all this attempted shaping and moulding and reconditioning, clipping, chipping, etc. What a monumental impertinence. . . . What a colossal stupidity . . . ! And, often enough, what a headache and a heartache, too. . . .

"I suppose you've heard about Neil?" said a friend to me, looking so haggard and distracted that I was afraid there had been a car-crash or that her attractive son was seriously ill. "My dear, you *know* what a marvellous chance John (her brother) gave

him—a place in the family firm—learning the business—a solid future. All Neil had to do was to keep his feet on the ground and go at it steadily, starting at the very bottom. . . .

"Well—now he's suddenly gone in with some friends of his for a mad scheme." (She named a business enterprise of a sensational kind where results, if any at all, mean considerable money.) "Do you know, for the last month or more he's been working day and night—rushing all over England by night-trains and working all day—as John says, if only he'd put half that energy and drive into the office, he could have got anywhere—in time!"

It was the girl who is going to marry Neil who talked to me with clearer vision.

"I feel so sorry about his mother," Felicity said gently and hesitantly. "I hate to see her worried and upset—and, of course, his uncle's angry, too. . . . They don't quite understand, you see. All this dynamic rush and excitement—it's the only way, for Neil. It suits him! It's what his particular sort of brain and nature's made for."

She ended, rather diffidently:

"Can *you* understand? Nothing could make Neil into a steady nine-to-five office worker. But he'll work twenty-four hours round the clock for something which really appeals to him. It's the gamble in it, if you like. But I'd call it merchant-adventuring, myself. . . ."

This incident concerns an older child, but how often the forcing process is applied in those vital formative years before the child is old enough effectively to resist the determined tactics of his elders.

I ran into Marian Stokes in one of the great stores and we went up to the restaurant for coffee. Marian is an independent and successful career-woman. She was obviously seething with some exasperation. I waited, expecting an account of brainstorm among the directors. But she burst out:

"Can you do anything with Sue, K.? I went down for Easter and really. . . ."

Susan is her young married sister. So much younger that Marian almost brought her up after the death of their mother.

"What's wrong?" I asked, once again expecting to hear of some bodily emergency.

"*Sue*. That's what's wrong," returned Sue's devoted and harassed older sister. "No, no, she's not ill—though I think she deserves to be, the way she goes on. There they are, with that nice little house, and the garden, and the two children. . . . And Sue on the go from morning to night—and I mean, night! She's pottering and bottling things and so forth till nearly midnight sometimes. And the thing is, she *needn't* be. . . . She's a—what's the word I want? A perfectionist—if there is such a word! Anyway, it's what I mean. She cooks and cleans and sees to those children, and she can't let a single thing go by default, ever. . . . She doesn't seem to *want* to spare herself. She'd rather cook a hot dinner at the end of a working day than make do with sandwiches. . . . She never reads, nowadays. Hardly even the daily paper. . . .

"It's deplorable," Marian wound up with vigour and finality.

Well—I, too, have been a visitor to the little house with its flower-brimming garden and its shining kitchen and its two splendid children and its radiant, if over-busy, couple. I was there for a pretty strenuous week, when the daily treasure was laid low with flu. At the end of that week, with household help visible again on the horizon, Sue suddenly confided (at eleven p.m.):

"I've never enjoyed even a real holiday, more than this week!"

Edward, her husband, chuckled drily.

"A glutton for punishment isn't she?" he appealed to me.

Sue's charming face grew almost apologetic.

"I can't help it! It's the way I'm made," she offered.

The way I'm made. That, your remoulder will remind you, grimly, can be a very easy and dangerous excuse. Agreed. But we are not thinking in terms of criminal tendencies, of alcoholics, drug-addicts or homicidal maniacs. . . . Just of ordinary human beings with ordinary human attributes demanding a natural outlet. I have taken two instances only of grown people: a young man who hasn't Got What It Takes to make a model office worker, but who can keep a cool head and a tireless balance on the tightrope of high finance; a young woman who is utterly content when "cumbered about much serving," which might either bore you and me or send us round the bend. There are tens of thousands of others. Of children who, allowed to be what they are rather than carefully moulded images of their loving parents, will grow to be happy, fulfilled and successful people in their own right.

The way they're made. Be a little humble, a little doubtful of your own omniscience and omnipotence, before you try to re-make them. Their creator had a Hand in the original mould, remember. . . . ?

Pictures In Pieces

(*Continued from page* 32)

Each piece of material is first ironed flat to make sure there will be no puckering in the final work. Each piece of the design is then transferred on to the appropriate material. The only important point to note is that the grain of each piece of the appliqué must correspond to the grain of the background material.

The background material should be cut to the picture size, plus 1 in. turnings all round.

Pin and tack each section in place. Then with matching thread, slip stitch edges. I then couch in black silk, but herring-bone or buttonhole stitch can also be used. Sequins, blue braid and gold thread gave oriental glitter to the accoutrement and a black button served for an eye.

When the picture is completed, it can be ironed over a damp cloth and mounted on cardboard the size of the picture ready for framing.

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Mrs. Pettigrew And Green Lemonade (*Continued from page* 35)

was their unforgettable matriarch. She was the focus and centre of the whole business. Her figure was enormous, thick as a barrel. Golden ear-rings dangled from her plastered hair, and she had a saucy word for everybody. She sat, solid and immovable as a rock, at her station of office, which was at the very hub of the roundabout, backed by the blaring organ pipes. And in front of her was a little table, covered with neat piles of silver and copper coins, from which she handed out change to the perspiring attendants.

As we rode round on our painted horses, pulling furiously at the bits in their ruby-red lips, we waited impatiently for the moment when we should come level with Mrs. Pettigrew, so that we might greet her with whoops of delight. Unless she was too busy counting the money, she invariably responded with a word or a laugh, though we never heard either, but only saw her many chins ripple, her bright eyes beam.

We all loved Mrs. Pettigrew and it would have been quite impossible to imagine our fair without her. Come to that, it would have been impossible to imagine it without much else that we took for granted as essential to all fairs everywhere. The squealers and squirters, for instance, and the bags of confetti and sticks of rock. The hooplas and shooting galleries (even if we were too young ourselves to be allowed to shoot and had to watch our clumsy elders missing the prizes every time) and the coconut shies and Aunt Sallies.

Then there was the coloured boxer, with his crop of fuzzy, wiry hair and his little eyes that shone like glass marbles. He boastfully volunteered to take on anybody who had the pluck to come forward; and one immortal year he did get taken on, by the village blacksmith, who was all that the song says a village blacksmith should be, and more, especially when he had been to the Black Lion, and who gave such a good account of himself on this occasion that he was our hero from then onwards.

Even the lemonade at the fair was nectar, nothing less. It was as greenery-yallery as any boy could possibly wish, and it was served in penny glasses from a gay little trolly, all coloured stripes and streamers.

But the real thing, of course, the biggest and best attraction of the evening (always excepting Mrs. Pettigrew), was the roundabout. How the twisted brass rods shone, especially in the light of the hissing naphtha-flares! How the automatic musicians in their glass case blared and wheezed, staring straight ahead as if in frantic concentration on their notes! And how gay the whole contraption was, from the painted canopy to the chamfered gondolas, wherein the more nimminy-pimminy children sat and smirked with their mothers and older sisters! Naturally, we despised these gondola-riders; we felt so cock-a-hoop, sitting there on our piebald horses, jogging up and down, watching the world go reeling by.

Or did the swings, after all, come top in our estimation? I remember the sense of reckless triumph when at last we had summoned up enough courage to go aboard. It was a fearful joy, we could hardly bear it. All the evening we had kept putting off the moment of decision; but at last the sixpence was paid, the attendant had given the boat a push, and we found ourselves irrevocably committed to the dreadful ecstasy. Our stomachs went all awash; the girls in the next boat screamed like maenads; and the teeming, flaring scene below was smudged in a dream of delicious agony.

But presently we somehow got into stride. We even dared to stand up. We wished the boat would go on for ever. But all too soon we were called to slow down. The ride was over, and we had spent our last sixpence. If only we had had the pluck to go on earlier, when there were coins galore in our pockets!

So the time came to go home. Clutching our simple trophies (but the best of them were in our heads) we dragged along with our parents, too tired to hear what they were saying, and almost too tired to catch the sound of the dwindling music in the meadow. A long, blank year lay ahead, till fair day came round again.

All this was in Kent, and I was young. I did not know then that fairs were not always held in meadows, or that even our own fair, once upon a time, was held in the village street, with ponies from Wales and the New Forest tethered on the grass verges. Much less did I know that originally fairs were nothing but markets—a convenient way of buying and selling in the days when it was not so easy as it is now to get from one place to another. The fun, then, was something tacked on to the end of the day's business.

Sometimes it was animals that were bought and sold, sometimes it was people—or very nearly so. In this latter case, the fair was called a mop; and the idea was to provide labourers and farm servants with an opportunity to change their masters and mistresses—a sort of very early labour exchange.

So the shepherd carried his crook, the carter tied a bit of whipcord in his hat, the cowman had a strand of cow-hair threaded through the buttonhole of his smock, and the servant girl hoisted her mop. There they stood, on the pathway, all ready to be inspected (like cattle) and chosen by their new masters; and the bargain was sealed by a shilling piece, or a "fastening penny," as it was called in some parts. This was not so very long ago, either. Indeed, I have had it described to me by an old Cotswold farmer, who got himself many a new "hand" that way.

But there were fairs long before even these—away back in medieval times. Some of them were really tremendous concerns, lasting as many as fifteen days. From what we can read about them, they were no more like the fair in our village than Buckingham Palace is like the thatched cottage where I am now writing these words. They were whole towns in themselves, with streets of booths filled with rich merchandise; and wealthy traders came to them from as far away as Venice and Genoa and the Hanse towns. Riots often broke out in them, the soldiery had to be sent for: no doubt there were some very wild goings-on.

Famous among these great English fairs of long ago were St. Giles's Fair in Winchester, Bartholomew Fair in Oxford, Southwark Fair in London, and the notorious Sturbridge Fair in Cambridgeshire. John Bunyan, in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, is supposed to have had Sturbridge in mind when he penned his scathing picture of Vanity Fair:

"Then I saw in my dream, that when the Pilgrims were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at that town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair; it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity; and also, because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. . . . And, moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves and rogues, and that of every kind."

I don't think the Bedford tinker would have been so censorious of Mrs. Pettigrew's fair, if he could have come back to see it. (I would like to have heard her comments if he had.) But then, as he himself admitted, he was only seeing Vanity Fair in his dream. And I have sometimes wondered, when I compare the fair in my father's meadow with the fairs of today, with their dodgems and scenic railways, their space ships and Walls of Death, and their oily crooners swooning over the loudspeakers, whether I, too, am not seeing our summer fair in a dream. Time plays such funny tricks that one can never be quite sure.

End

This Time Different (*Continued from page* 30)

which are so enchanting when you are in love, and so bleak in moments of despair.

Anton had come to Louise's rescue.

But by this time Louise considered herself immune to flattery, hardened, disillusioned. She had learnt her lesson. Her defences were impregnable. She would never, never fall for the same tale again!

But Anton's tale hadn't been the same as Robert's. It had been intriguingly different. For where Robert had been brash, self-confident, bombastic, Anton was shy, gentle—and misunderstood.

The Austrian idyll had lingered on through the glory of a pastorally effective summer when the grassy mountainsides had been patched with colour, when the skies had been as blue as Louise's eyes, and the chatter of the streams mixed musically with the clear voices echoing in the valleys below.

It had all ended, somewhat abruptly, with the arrival of Anton's wife—an appendage he had somehow omitted to mention.

The humiliating experience of Anton left its scar upon Louise. She had returned to England wiser and older. . . .

Yet not so wise nor so old (she was by this time still in her early twenties) that five years later she was unable to find consolation in the sympathy of Charles.

Now Charles was a different proposition altogether. For one thing he was fifteen years older than Louise and his world-weary sophistication had a soothing effect upon Louise's prickly defensiveness. Charles, like her, had been hurt and disillusioned. Like her, he no longer trusted the opposite sex.

This was indeed a challenge which Louise found irresistible. In the cause of salvation she nobly sacrificed her own prejudices. *She* would give this poor cynic back his trust. *She* would prove to him that all women were not false. Through her he would again learn to trust. Through her he would find happiness in place of the old sorrow.

But Louise had overlooked one thing: the poor cynic didn't want his trust back. The habit of drowning that old sorrow had become so confirmed and so apparently enjoyable that Charles was both unable and unwilling to relinquish it.

Sadly, Louise had been compelled to realize that Charles loved his cynicism more than he loved her. It provided an admirable excuse for indulgence and, as far as Louise knew, it was doing so still.

Thus, on her thirtieth birthday Louise, even more beautiful, even more attractive, but most definitely no longer susceptible, faced up squarely to her heart-free future. She did not expect it to bring her happiness—only peace. Firmly, she closed her heart to the enchantment of spring and the be-dazzlement of summer. Now and again, when she caught the romantic scent of narcissi and felt the warm, embrassive sun on her hair, she almost strayed from her self-appointed path. Then sternly, almost frantically, she pulled herself free of temptation. "Never again!" cried her wounded heart. "Remember Robert who had sworn to be true! And Anton who deceived you! And Charles who failed you! Remember . . . Remember. . . ."

Yet the period of self-inflicted readjustment was not without its wavering of will, not without its passion of regret. But if the back of a dark head, or the frank interest in an appraising eye, or the perfectly matching rhythm of a dance threatened to undermine her will Louise only responded by strengthening her resistance.

In time, if she saw lovers walking hand in hand or gazing into each others' eyes, she taught herself to pity them. "Poor fools!" she would sigh. "If only they knew what I know! If only I could save them from suffering!"

It was at this stage that an attempt was made to save Louise from hers.

This Time Different

The name, familiar to thousands of novel readers, was Roger Marriot. His books, published at the selective rate of one every two years, were translated into most languages and netted terrific sales on both sides of the Atlantic.

Louise, now with more leisure on her hands and a peace amounting almost to vacancy in her mind, had begun to read a lot. She read Roger Marriot's latest book because it was the current literary rage. She read it during the whole of one Saturday, closed it gently at the end, put on her hat in a trance and went straight out to the library to get copies of Marriot's earlier works.

She was perfectly well aware that by doing this she might easily be destroying her own carefully erected defence against Man. She knew she was doing a dangerous thing in reading any more of Roger Marriot's books. Yet she couldn't help herself. One book proved nothing. It might have been no more than the author's temporary reaction to a passing mood of benevolence. What of his other novels? The earlier ones? Would they betray the all-too familiar male defects? Would they betray the man himself?

Louise had to know. Her very security was threatened.

She read the remainder of Roger Marriot's books (five in all) and when she closed the last sat quite still for a long time. Then, with a courage born of suffering, she faced the stark truth: there was one good, kind, gentle, honourable, loyal man in the world—and his name was Roger Marriot.

Her first suspicions were confirmed. The man's character shone out, a guiding beacon to the lost, through the characters and situations in his books. There was no mistaking the fact that the author himself possessed a tolerance and love, a sympathetic understanding of the frailty of human nature, that was the essence of Christianity. Roger Marriot, from the depths of his compassion, found a loving excuse for everything that was base and cruel and unpleasant in his characters and in the life he so brilliantly portrayed. He was quick to forgive, anxious to provide a tolerant explanation for every misdemeanour perpetrated by the people of his creating.

Louise's defences were weakened. Shaken and bewildered, she went to her bureau and wrote to Roger Marriot.

She told him that she had read all his books, that she was a great admirer of his work. She said that she quite appreciated that he must be inundated with demands upon his valuable time, but she nevertheless begged him to arrange a meeting which, though tiresome to himself, would mean more to her than she could ever explain.

She sent the letter to him care of the firm of publishers whose name was printed in all his books.

For three days she waited in an agony of suspense. She had no idea where the course of her letter would lead her. She had no plans, no real motive for wanting to meet Roger Marriot. She only knew that, in some inexplicable way, she needed to see and talk to him, if only for a few minutes. After that, she would go away restored to her former protective disillusion, or imbued with new belief.

The reply to her letter came on the fifth day.

Dogrose Cottage,
Marlham.

. . thank you for your kind letter . . . your praise of my work, although most encouraging . . . far from justified. I am delighted, however, that my books gave you some pleasure.

If you would care to come down to Marlham one Sunday afternoon I should be very happy to give you tea. Yours truly, ROGER MARRIOT.

In a postscript the writer added that the public's conception of an author was often wrong, and in this respect it was to be hoped that Mrs. Hartley (Louise) would not be disappointed.

Louise trembled as she folded the letter. *Disappointed?* There was only one way in which Roger Marriot could disappoint her: he might be old or crippled or blind or deaf; he might be a hunchback, a monstrosity, a hideous physical travesty of the beauty of his own character . . . but such things were nothing as long as they did not contradict by unkind word or action the goodness which had touched her through his writing. The gay charm of Robert, the little-boy appeal of Anton and the sophistication of Charles were superficial qualities she did not need to find in Roger Marriot. Kindness, gentleness, compassion, loyalty . . . these were the things which, if they still existed in male-kind, could restore her faith and hope.

She went down to Marlham one summer's Sunday with all the breathless anticipation with which she had gone running to her first tryst with Robert. True, she was a little more wary; yet she was prepared to capitulate, prepared to throw aside what remained of prejudice and disillusion. She came now in the garb of a doubter, but she was ready to go away a disciple.

The cottage, at least, was all that she had dared to imagine. Its thatch was golden yellow against the blue sky; the garden showed evidence of the loving care and appreciation which betray the hand of a good man.

Louise hesitated, frightened now that she had come this far, to put her new-found hope to the test.

She stood listening to the sounds of the peaceful, summer-drugged countryside, and felt herself gradually lulled into tranquillity.

This was all as she had imagined it. Dare she go on? If she turned back now, at least she would go away partially reassured. For surely this was the perfect background to beauty, tenderness, tolerance? This white, tea-cosy cottage with its door a little open, its drowsy garden, its atmosphere of peace and contentment couldn't possibly be the dwelling of facile charm and hopeless despair and deceit?

She moved towards the white wicket gate. Her heart throbbed in a great single pulse in her throat and wrists. So much depended upon the next few minutes.

The *clink* of a trowel on stone made (*Continued on page* 64)

SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES

A GENEROUS GESTURE

"WHAT'S WRONG BETWEEN YOU AND SMYTHE, THAT YOU DON'T SPEAK?"

"HAW! FACT IS, WE WERE BOTH WIVALS FOR THE HAND OF A CELEBWATED BEAUTY!—AND—WELL, I DON'T WANT TO BWAG, BUT I GOT THE *BEST* OF IT."

"MY DEAR FELLOW, A *THOUSAND* CONGRATULATIONS!"

"THANKS AWF'LY! WE BOTH PWOPOSED LAST WEEK, YOU KNOW, AND SHE ACCEPTED—A—*HIM!*"

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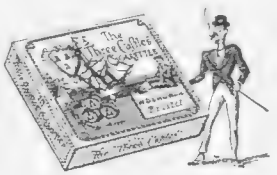

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her pause halfway up the flagged path. She turned quickly, nervously, ready to run.

"Hallo, can I help? Are you looking for someone?"

The man who unbent from the shade beneath the hedge was tall and flagrantly handsome. Louise stared at him, startled. Her voice, when she spoke, was sharpened with mistrust.

"Mr. . . . Roger Marriot?"

"Yes. . . ." Then his smile turned to a scowl. He tossed down the trowel. "You're Mrs. Hartley, aren't you?" he said stiffly. "And you've come to tea. Very well, come along in." He led the way towards the oak door, pushed it open wider, warned her automatically to mind her head and called out:

"Mother! It's Mrs. Hargrea . . . er, Hartley!"

"But . . . I thought . . .?" stammered Louise.

"That I was Roger Marriot?" He smiled a trifle wearily. "They all do. It's my name all right, but my mother uses it for a pen-name."

"Oh . . . I'm sorry."

"Don't be. It never worries me. Or at least . . ." his dark eyes moved over the shape of her head, golden against the blue sky in the doorway. ". . . it hasn't done till now."

A tall, white-haired woman in lilac linen came across the cool, polished hall. Her smile was warm, friendly; her words slightly apologetic.

"I do hope you're not too shattered, Mrs. Hartley. . . ."

Numbly, Louise shook her head. She might have *known* . . . she might have guessed that "Roger Marriot" was a woman! Standing there in the sunlight she wondered why she didn't feel cheated. Perhaps it was because this woman was so charming, so unselfconsciously pleased to see her. . . .

Louise looked up, then, to find the real Roger Marriot watching her. And something about his eyes, gay and challenging and

amused, reminded her of Robert. Then he smiled—and his smile was shy, hesitant like Anton's. And where had she come across that devastating poise? Charles. . . .

"I see you've already met my son," said Mrs. Marriot formally.

Louise smiled at him then and a bond seemed to run between them, the merest tendril that was yet stronger than a steel chain.

"Oh . . . yes. . . ." she said softly.

Then a voice, bitter, frantic with anxiety, filled Louise's world. "Remember!" it cried warningly. "Remember . . . Remember . . . Remember. . . ."

Louise sighed helplessly and the voice grew fainter. And soon it faded out altogether and another voice took its place; a voice that was calm and confident and chuckling with happiness; a voice that said: "Ah . . . but *this* will be different!"

END

Make More Use Of Mirrors

(*Continued from page* 29)

merely serves to light the glass itself though the kind with an adjustable reflector will direct the light correctly outwards on to the face. The conventional place for a dressing mirror in front of the window is ideal from this point of view but has the disadvantage of blocking some of the light and looking ugly from outside. For practical purposes a mirror close to the window but at right angles to it is as satisfactory.

For almost any purpose, the larger the mirror the more effective it will be. Fussy little mirrors of distracting shape hung on chains are scarcely worth their keep, and are often more expensive than a good-sized square or rectangle bought from a glazier and fixed direct to the wall. For glass is essentially an architectural material and is at its best when treated as such, as part of the basic architecture of the room. Imagine, for example, the converted room illustrated on page 29 with two smaller and possibly framed mirrors instead of the panels linked in size and shape to the architecture. As it is the whole room becomes alive and lined with mirror, the originally dull corner becomes a major decorative focal point. Peach-tinted mirror, incidentally, would give a soft, pleasant glow in a room inclined by nature to be cold and sunless.

It is perhaps in the problem room that mirror really comes into its own. The tiny restaurant lined entirely with mirror to increase its apparent size is almost a commonplace, but for most of us a mirror "wall" is impossibly expensive and may be difficult to fix so it is a question of compromise. The thrifty French can teach us a lesson here. For at one point in their history the king put a tax on all mirrors over a certain size. But the French found a loophole when they bought comparatively small squares and turned them into large panels by screwing them side by side to the wall. Today, many a French château is still graced by mirrors built up in this way.

Nowadays we might do worse than adapt the idea by rescuing the mirrors of odd shapes and sizes that once formed part of old-fashioned dressing tables and other pieces and having them cut—an inexpensive process at any glazier's—into squares of uniform size. Quite large wall panels could be made in this way and, especially if fixed with the glass-headed screws which are now available, would form a decorative pattern in themselves.

But even a moderately sized mirror, cunningly placed, will go a long way towards enlarging a small room or widening a narrow hall. If the proportions of a room are not all they should be, use the mirror to correct them. A long, narrow room with a mirror on one of the narrow walls will look more of a corridor than ever, but even a small panel on a long wall will immediately give it breadth. And a mirror—provided it is big enough—will completely change the boxy shape of a near-square room. In this case, its placing need depend only upon ensuring that the most pleasant view is reflected.

Usually, mirror is best linked in some way to other furnishings. A panel the same width as a settee and hung behind it or at the end of a dining table which is set at right angles to a wall is much more telling than a small mirror hung oddly by itself. Or a panel could be arranged above a narrow shelf for the display of *objets* or a collection of china or glass.

Mirror has, of course, a special place in the room that is inclined to be dark—but only if it reflects what light there is. Hang it on the window wall, for instance, and you're wasting time and money. But place it at right angles to the window or opposite to it and you've immediately given the room an extra window. Remember mirror needs an accomplice to work its magic and if you place it opposite a dark corner it will reflect—darkness.

Mirror will work wonders, too, in one of those awkward rooms in which a rather small window is jammed right into one corner—often found in a converted house when one large room has been divided between the two original windows. A window like this is a nightmare to curtain in the ordinary way because there's no room for a curtain at one side without blocking out precious light. So fix a mirror flush into the corner at right angles to the window and then treat the window as though it were only half the whole, that is, hang one curtain only and run the pelmet or frill straight to the mirror at the other side. The mirror will reflect the single curtain and the pelmet, creating what is apparently one window double the size of the original. This device is equally effective whether the curtains are drawn or not.

We tend to think of mirrors as purely interior furnishings, but I am not sure that we do not thereby miss a great opportunity. In industrial areas, especially in the North, many houses have their small round mirror projecting outside a window and affording a perfect view from inside of what goes on in the street (an idea, perhaps, for an invalid). The idea is capable of ingenious modification to bring an interesting patch of garden within sight of a room or even to enlarge a tiny garden. Imagine, for example, the vista suggested by a mirror behind a wrought-iron "gate" on one wall of a minute walled or roof garden.

END

Zinnia . . .

(*Continued from page* 38)

been getting turns, but the doctor says it's only my increased weight, so I haven't said anything to Lorna. . . . I'm glad you're enjoying your studies so much, I only wish you were nearer. I tell Lorna she must take up her scholarship, but she feels she ought to be earning now. . . ." There was other news, but Zinnia passed it over. Both her airmen brothers had been killed in the war, and her father died soon after. Her mother was nearly sixty—too old to be standing in a shop all day—and her sister was too young to sacrifice her apprentice years to support her.

Zinnia had been studying art—entirely on scholarships, for she had genuine talent—and young Lorna seemed to bid fair to rival her. But with her mother's letter, Zinnia realized that she must renounce research for something more lucrative. So she took a job with Frederic Greene, whose only interest in pictures was to sell them.

The Greene Gallery was small, but known to dealers all over the world. Sometimes an artist got a show there, and counted himself lucky, for it was said Greene backed only winners. Certainly, he had given a few established artists their start. More often, he was simply commissioned to negotiate a sale, or purchase a particular picture for a museum or a private collector.

Zinnia liked the atmosphere of the Gallery, when she came for the interview. She was glad when she was offered the job of personal assistant to the director, and she was intrigued when she met the director. Frederic Greene was polite and considerate, and she recognized that he knew more about art than she did. He never shared her warm enthusiasm about certain schools and painters, but he knew their market value. He had travelled the world in the course of his profession, and Zinnia envied him: envied him and yet marvelled that a man could see so much, meet so many interesting people, and yet be so completely reserved. In the course of the hours they spent together, he never broke off to recall an anecdote or describe his own feelings and opinions. He wore formal clothes at the Gallery, and Lorna swore he slept in black and grey pyjamas, beautifully creased.

Zinnia's relaxation was the sketching group she went to three nights a week, after the Gallery closed. She tried not to regret her abandoned scholarship too much. "It wouldn't have come to anything," she told herself. "I'm not good enough to exhibit, and I don't know enough to write a thesis. I just enjoyed it, that was all." Her teacher thought differently.

One night he placed himself behind her chair and blew down her neck while she tried to concentrate on the model, and ignore him. "Not bad at all," he burst out suddenly. "How long have you been studying, Miss Daly? I took you for an amateur when you enrolled. . . ."

Zinnia stared at the crouching girl she had created with a stub of charcoal and a square yard of paper. "Because I don't dress the part? Wear beads and sandals and talk about studios? I work in an office, now, Mr. Slattery."

"I think you could get a scholarship!"

"I had a Hathaway Award. I was doing postgraduate research. I gave it up—for private reasons."

He paid her the compliment of not inquiring why, but his interest increased the value of what she had lost.

Mr. Greene made her wonder if she hadn't over-estimated her talent. After a couple of months, she told him she painted, and he asked to see something of her work.

"M'mm. . . . Come back in ten years, and bring me at least thirty canvases, and I'll see what we can do for you then!"

Zinnia swallowed her anger: after all, he was a well-known dealer, and her boss. She comforted herself by thinking he was only looking at her work from the commercial viewpoint. Ten years, indeed! Mr. Greene would be pretty old in ten years. Retired, most probably. She typed letters and dispatched catalogues without addressing him for the rest of the afternoon.

When he came to sign the letters, he fidgeted about and finally asked her if she were in a hurry. Feeling she'd acted childishly in sulking, Zinnia smiled feebly and said, not really.

"Tell me, Miss Daly, do you care for music?"

"Yes, I love it——" She was taken off her guard. "Are you a musician, Mr. Greene?"

"I'm afraid not. But I love to listen. It's funny, but music gives me more feeling of colour than pictures do. And I deal with pictures all day."

"Because you can put your own interpretation on it. The paintings you see are already interpreted——"

"I think you may be right, Miss Daly. There isn't much colour in my life, you know." He mumbled the words, like a man confessing a killing, and Zinnia looked at him as a man for the first time.

He was—how old? Early forties, not more. A tall man, lean, with a deeply marked, intense face. Dark eyes. Grey hair. His hands were thin and expressive, and Zinnia had always admired them. She knew he had a good car, and a West End flat and lunched at some club near the Gallery. That was all she knew of him, except that he was a widower. Miss Evans, his adoring elderly receptionist, had told her, accompanying the statement with a ponderous sigh.

Zinnia smoothed her slim black skirt and took the letters back into her ringless hands. She felt sorry for Mr. Greene, and interested, but he had not made the sort of remark that called for comment, and she'd promised to take Lorna to the theatre tonight. "Is that all?"

"Ah, you're anxious to dash off to your pleasures! You're young—" his voice sounded greedy—"and I expect you're much in demand."

"I don't quite know what you mean, Mr. Greene, but I'm going to take my young sister to *Richard III*. As part of her education!"

"Does your sister show any talent as a painter?" He spoke as if he were really addressing Zinnia Daly, and not just a pair of hands in his employment. "Talent's such an elusive thing. They say it runs in families—I should say it lurks. My father was a very able painter, so was my grandfather . . . I couldn't draw a train on a steamed window!"

Zinnia sat down in the leather chair that was always offered to visitors, and accepted a cigarette. She was both astounded and pleased. So Mr. Greene was human after all! How very well he managed to hide it. She found herself telling him about her family and her studies, and enjoying his shy, dry humour. The minutes flew by, and she had to take a taxi to the theatre. On parting she'd agreed to accompany him to a Sunday concert.

That was the beginning. He saw her home, and was introduced to her mother and Lorna. Her mother was delighted with him.

"Charming man! Such nice manners . . . and a car, too. Not like poor Geoff."

Geoff was a college friend of Zinnia's, and her contemporary. As he lived near, he called frequently, and Mrs. Daly worried over a romance which had never existed. Because of this, she criticized and ridiculed Geoff whenever possible, making Zinnia a champion of his in spite of herself.

"Yes, Mother. But we didn't know Mr. Greene at twenty-two."

"I expect he had too much sense to bother about girls until he was properly established. A widower, is he? That's very sad." There was a look in Mrs. Daly's eye that told Zinnia she found it not so much sad as interesting.

As a matter of fact, Frederic Greene told her briefly about himself early in their acquaintance.

"I expect Cissie Evans told you my life story." There was a long interval at the Festival Hall, and they had not left their seats. "She's been with me thirty years—since my father's time—and feels it gives her the freedom of an old retainer."

"She just said you were a widower."

"I am—twice."

"I didn't know that, Mr. Greene."

"Yes. I first married when I was very young. She was also very young and pretty, and her name was Catherine. Our fathers were friends, and it was rather expected of us. . . . I was full of idealism and various romantic notions. She died eleven months later—in childbirth. A sudden complication that no one had foreseen. I wasn't even with her." Frederic Greene had spoken not to her, but to the ashtray on the seat in front of him. Zinnia almost put her hand on his arm in sympathy—but remembered not to. They were curiously formal with each other. "Good evening, Miss Daly. . . ." "Good night, Mr. Greene. . . ." Their conversation when out together was practically what it was in the office.

"Geraldine happened to me later." He spoke quickly, as if he would get it over quickly, and need never refer to it again. "She came to the Gallery on some business of her brother's. Her brother was a painter—talented—but not enough so for me. . . . Geraldine had wit, charm and elegance. She swept me off my feet. I had three years of her, and then she was killed in an air crash, returning to Dublin. Her mother lived in Dublin."

The orchestra filed back, and there was a scraping of bows and plucking of strings. Then they hushed to a signal, and the second part of the programme began. But Zinnia's mind was no longer receptive to the music. It was incredible—incredible—that a man could have such bad luck in his life. It would have broken many a lesser man—driven him nervous and raving, but Frederic Greene had packed all his energy into his business, and made it a success, instead.

"How very tragic for you. I do hope——" She nearly said, I do hope you'll have better luck next time! but stopped herself. That was silly, and rather cheap. "I do hope you got over it," she finished feebly.

"One can get over things, yes. One does not forget. Listen to this!" Together they listened to the excited violins.

THEY flew to the South of France for their honeymoon—because that was the sort of journey Greene was expected to offer to his bride. They had a suite, instead of a room, for the same reason. The hotel was half empty, and there was nothing to do. They made conversation, and drove out sightseeing in a hired car, and the tension increased. It was not the time of year for beach clothes, or galas at the casino, or evenings in the garden under the moon. Once Zinnia, standing late on her balcony, saw a young couple stroll past underneath, hands clasped, confidences broken with shrugs and laughter, and knew what she had missed. Frederic had wanted an intelligent, well-mannered companion, and he had chosen her for the purpose. Security for her mother and sister was the price.

She'd admired Frederic, felt sorry for him, been flattered by his interest, but he hadn't asked her to love him. A bargain like theirs excluded love, she supposed. Interest in his business and consideration for his tastes were the most she dared show. She must copy his reserve, concentrate on her family's good fortune, shut her mind to what might have been. Frederic had loved before—and lost. She hadn't loved. (*Continued on page* 66)

After 25—

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Now she'd forfeited the very right to. . . . The couple were long out of sight and the moon had shifted behind the hotel before she admitted that. Her body was numb with the cold night air, but it was nothing to the numbness in her heart. She'd married Frederic feeling cheap, and now she felt cheated. Even Lorna had more sense, when she said she'd prefer to marry in her own generation, and lump the cheeseparing. Well, she'd have to concentrate on the Greene Gallery instead. She felt terribly shy with Frederic. She knew that her husband read widely, slept badly and was a light eater —and that was all. What was he thinking about behind his mask? Of Catherine? Of Geraldine? Of other, unadmitted loves? Or was he disappointed, and longing to get home as much as she was?

The flat was a pleasant surprise. Much more comfortable and colourful than she'd dared hope. She would be proud to show her mother over her new home, and it would be a wonderful background for the sensitive, maturing Lorna. Thanks to Frederic, Mrs. Daly was already on holiday in the country, and Lorna was going to take up her scholarship in the new term.

"This is where I've been living." Even then, he didn't call it his home. No nonsense about carrying her over the threshold because it was her home, now. "Alter anything you don't care for," he told her. "Buy new curtains—flowers—books."

"Thank you, Frederic. . . ." She realized she could not better his taste, and she would never dare to try. A small painting over the bookshelf caught her attention—a gay little oil of sun warm rocks and surf. "I like that . . . is it valuable?"

He joined her at once, and they looked at it together for a moment. As always when he was near her, she tensed herself expecting —she never knew quite what. A blow? A caress? To be brushed aside like a rejected canvas? He was much taller than she was, and he held himself stiffly. Geoff—or any of the young men who had been fond of her— might have slipped an arm round her waist, or risked a kiss on her ear.

"No, not really valuable—but it shows promise. He didn't paint many like that, though. Geraldine's brother painted it! I've kept it purely on its own merits. Do take it down if you don't want it."

"But on its own merits—I do!" The initials M. K. were painted in a corner. Michael, probably. An Irishman.

THE first time she saw her mother after her marriage, she managed to regret the step somewhat less. Mrs. Daly looked cheerful, refreshed and fitter, and spoke of taking a part-time job "to pass the time while Lorna's out." She was a heavy woman, and long hours of standing had inflamed her legs. Freedom from worry, and her old shop job, had already worked wonders.

"How's Frederic?" She was proud of, but a little in awe of, her new son-in-law.

"Very well. Very busy, too. We're putting on an exhibition of contemporary Italian painters, next month. The artists are being rather tiresome—he may have to go to Rome and talk to them."

"I hope you won't let him fly. You know how terrified I am of airplanes. . . . It's extraordinary, but there's an *In Memoriam* notice to his late wife in the paper this morning. Fancy him putting it in! Did he tell you?"

"No," Zinnia said shortly, furious with her mother for having noticed it. She knew she was only Frederic's third attempt at marriage, but she didn't want to be reminded of it. Trust someone to rake up the past, though. And the poor girl had been dead twenty years or so!

But it was not the first Mrs. Greene who was remembered in the paper, it was the second.

GREENE, GERALDINE KEARY. In unforgotten memory. Home to my arms— Pargie.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Daly. "That was his wife, wasn't it? Her family must have put it in, if he didn't." She looked at her daughter narrowly. "I should have thought you'd have known about it, though."

"I'm not in touch with her family, you know." Zinnia knew her face was very white, and her eyes shadowed from the strain of the honeymoon. If her mother was going to start a probe about Geraldine, or Geraldine's family, she'd scream. But it was always kinder to escape than to snub. "Mother, I have to go now—I'm late. Lovely seeing you. 'Bye!"

She took a taxi back to the West End and walked down Bond Street, trying to compose herself. It was no good being jealous of the past, she told herself. But the trouble was— the past kept a dead hand on the present, throttling her marriage. Wherever she went —the flat, the Gallery, her mother's, she was reminded of Frederic's wives.

Walking quickly, she came to the discreet black doors and the red-curtained windows, behind which preparations were being made for the Italian exhibition. She went straight to the inner office, and opened the post. The staff watched her warily, now. She'd been popular as Miss Daly, but now they resented her privileges. Miss Evans no longer smiled comfortably at her. She said, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Greene," as to a stranger.

Frederic came in presently. "Oh, there you are, Zinnia. How's your mother? Fine? Splendid. . . ." He looked worried. "It's this buyer in Amsterdam. He won't meet my agent, and I don't like it. He's just a voice on the telephone, and a cheque book. Arno Pultz. I want to know who he's acting for."

"Haven't we a record?" It was a relief to turn from emotional troubles to business ones. "He was in London some time ago. Stayed at the Savoy. I remember the name."

"Ah, but is it the same man? I wonder if anyone interviewed him——"

"We can find out. Newspapers keep files. If he made any statement to the Press, there'll be a record. I'll go down to Fleet Street and find out." She stood up at once. She didn't want to be alone with Frederic. They had enough of that at home.

"Well, be careful." Frederic knew that there was nothing more valuable than a dealer's good name. On the other hand, he couldn't afford to take risks with mystery men. He watched her march out of the room on her high, spiked heels, with her face like a mask and the sun putting coloured lights in her black hair. He wanted to detain her, call after her, go with her. He whispered her name when the room was already empty and he thought his temples would burst with throbbing. If only he were younger—or she older. If only she didn't feel like a criminal letting him help her mother. Lots of men helped their wives' families, he supposed, and he could afford it. If only she wouldn't be so strained and arch and businesslike and— desirable. First his boyhood's love, Catherine. . . . Then Geraldine. . . . Now Zinnia. Was he never to be happy? He clenched his fists on the table in front of him, pushing the day's letters from him, unread. He'd made his life an open book for Zinnia, because he thought it was the honest thing to do. It had not been easy for a naturally reserved man, conscious of the disparity in their ages. And the confidence had been wasted, because Zinnia had not responded. Neither with understanding, nor affection, nor plain curiosity. She liked me better the first time I took her out to dinner, he thought.

But what did Zinnia want in marriage? Was it power, the direction of the Gallery? Well, she could have it as soon as she was ready for it. Did her own thwarted ambitions as an artist hurt? She hadn't mentioned them lately. Or was there someone else she'd renounced for him? Someone younger, more exciting, more-romantic? Above all, how long was it going to last like this?

He picked up his desk telephone. "Cissie? Get me some black coffee, will you? Just one cup. Mrs. Greene's out."

Miss Evans made the sort of noise generally written as "tcha." Dear, loyal, unbearable Cissie! The thought struck him that he'd married the wrong employee. Old Cissie would have been more responsive than Zinnia. Then she came in with the coffee, and hung around fussing till he had to send her away.

Zinnia took a bus to Fleet Street. It was a golden April afternoon, and some of the faces she passed looked uncomfortably warm, and the girls on the magazine covers had already gone into summer dresses. There were barrows of flowers in the streets, and painters at work overhead, and a promise of gaiety everywhere. Except for her. She caught sight of herself in a shop window, a slim figure in an unrelieved black suit, her face so white that her mother had already suggested pints of milk and country air.

She went to the *Daily News*, and they traced the last London visit of Arno Pultz ten years ago, and suggested there might be a picture in their files. They gave her a stack of copies and left her to search. Zinnia turned over pages. Ten years ago! It was a lifetime. She'd been at school, then, and the war was on. Lorna was in her pram, and her brothers still alive. . . . Ah, there it was! "Mr. Arno Pultz, the international art dealer, seen leaving his hotel." Since Mr. Pultz wore a black overcoat with a fur collar, and held his hat in front of his face, she was none the wiser.

On the next page was a large photograph of a crashed plane. MYSTERY CRASH OF DUBLIN PLANE—Ten Killed On Lonely Hill —Cause Unknown—Pilot's Wife Collapses. . . . There wasn't much about it, just what the headlines summarized, and the names of the passengers. Four businessmen, a racehorse owner, Miss O'Hara and Miss Milligan, nurses. A Mrs. Jackson of London, and her two-year-old son. A Mrs. Edward Pargeter. That was all. Zinnia looked at the date again, counted the victims and their names, and felt cold and wise. Mrs. Geraldine Greene had been travelling as Mrs. Edward Pargeter, and killed "flying home to my arms." She wondered who Pargie was, not that it mattered, now.

SHE roused herself at last and bought a copy of the paper, because it contained all she could find about Pultz. She went home, and made herself a cup of tea in the flat. She was terribly hurt—for Frederic. The discovery upset her whole estimate of their relations. She'd believed herself only a substitute for the dead wife of his youth, and the fiery, captivating Irishwoman he had loved years later. But if Geraldine had betrayed Frederic, where did she stand? Was it possible that Frederic . . .? She reviewed the weeks of his chilly wooing, against a background of galleries and concert halls, the quieter restaurants, the winter landscape beyond the windows of the car. Never, never had Frederic said anything ridiculous, or tender, or encouraging. Her own mirror complimented her more than her husband did. Frederic must have married her out of pity: or because he was tired of taking his meals alone: or to secure her permanent services at the Gallery. It couldn't have been for love.

She sat stirring the steaming cup, trying to see the past few months clearly. She'd hardly encouraged tender feelings, of course. In copying Frederic's reserve, she had at times surpassed it. Lorna—before their marriage was arranged—had talked more spontaneously to Frederic than she had. Lorna had made him smile with her ambitions and opinions. An idea hit her with such force that she let the tea grow cold, and the telephone ring unanswered.

Could Frederic possibly be shy of love— after two tragedies was it possible? When he had said there was no colour in his life, could he have meant something else? Was it possible he was as hungry for love as she was, and afraid to show it? The lovely Geraldine had run off with someone else, obviously. Did he possibly think that she might do the same? Why, it was laughable! And yet at the end of her honeymoon, she'd had a strange longing for Geoff.

He found her in darkness when he came in. The light switch startled her, and she sprang up.

"Zinnia? Are you alright? I telephoned, but there was no answer. Don't bother about Pultz—I've had a cable. We know who's backing him. . . ." He saw the paper on

the table, and stopped. "What's that?"

"It had a paragraph about him. . . ." But the paper was open at the picture of the crashed plane.

"So you know?" He turned away. He spoke in a dull way, wearily, and his whole body sagged, like an old man's. Zinnia remembered Lorna's unkind comment: "When you're forty, he'll be an old, old man."

"I found out by accident."

"Of course. Well, I should have told you, perhaps. But there seemed no point."

"I wish I'd known. I think I could have approached marriage differently. I thought I was only a substitute, something second best—I didn't feel like a bride."

"Zinnia!"

"Well, why did you marry me, Frederic? You could have had anyone."

"Darling girl—I wasn't in love with anyone. I was in love with you. Didn't you understand that? No . . . possibly you didn't. . . . You see, when I found myself in love, I was tongue-tied. It seemed like tempting providence to say the words. You had youth, charm, intelligence—I saw the possibility of happiness, but I was afraid to take it."

"Did you? I never knew what you felt. You seemed so cold. You were so much wiser and experienced than I—I couldn't set the pace. I thought you thought I was a gold-digger!"

He made an impatient movement. "Your sensitiveness about everything I've done for your family is a proof you aren't. I want to give—a man in love does. Material giving's unimportant, anyway. I wanted to give myself. . . ." He had thrown off his hat and slumped into a chair opposite her, still bundled in his coat. "Poor Geraldine," he muttered. "I supposed she missed being happy, too."

"What really happened?" It was easier to talk of a third party, something to say while she tried to order her thoughts and steady herself. Frederic had married her for love——

"Oh, Geraldine? Well, I suppose I was too quiet for her. She wanted parties, and admiration and adventure. . . . She took up with this fellow Pargeter in the end, and he asked me to release her. I refused. Perhaps I was wrong, because he's remembered every anniversary of her death. But I was trying to protect her—he wasn't the first, you see. He might have married her, but the others wouldn't have."

There was a long silence, till Zinnia took a breath and said: "I want to give, too. That's what marriage is—giving—isn't it?"

"Zinnia—never mind why you married me. Will you stay married to me because you know now that I love you?"

She had no power of words to answer. She held out her arms in welcome.

He looked up. Hope had wiped the tiredness off his face and Zinnia knew he was the only man in the world for her, and she would hold out her arms for ever if necessary. It wasn't necessary. He had crossed the room in a bound and buried his face on her shoulder.

END

Talking Of Books

(*Continued from page* 39)

his other by bracing the knee against something, his arms and hands to haul himself about. Despite this handicap, he sails from Las Palmas to Antigua in twenty-six days with Comdr. "Bill" King, then goes cruising among the West Indian islands. A spirited voyaging, if there is a lot of detail interesting mainly to fellow-sailors.

I skip around the world in quest of riddles with Rupert Furneaux' **"Fact, Fake Or Fable?"** (Cassell, 15s.). Who buried treasure so ingeniously on Oak Island, Nova Scotia, that water floods in from the sea when you probe the Money Pit depths and £50,000 has so far been spent in futile attempts to reach it? What really happened to Booth, President Lincoln's assassin? And Marshal Ney, supposedly shot? Was the engraved brass plate found in 1937 at 'Frisco Bay set up by Drake? The Silent Stones of Tiahuanaco in the Andes: how did they get there? Mr. Furneaux teases us with fourteen enigmas.

If I'm in the mood for dark Victorian crime there is also the riddle: Who brutally murdered the three-year-old son of Samuel Kent, inspector of factories, at Roadhill House, Wiltshire? Why, after he had been suffocated, was the body stabbed and the throat cut? Step-sister Constance eventually confessed to the murder, but was that just religious hysteria, a wish to expiate her father's guilt? I am absorbed by Yseult Bridges's probing of the mystery in **"Saint—With Red Hands?"** (Jarrolds, 16s.), a masterly crime-chronicle.

Am I a racing fan? Then I'll browse over all the Derbys and their winners, 1900-1953, in Vincent Orchard's **"The Derby Stakes"** (Hutchinson, 21s.). He gives pedigrees, pre-Epsom form, stories of the field, jockeys and actual race, with unique photographs, in this elegant volume.

Now for the novels. I can't imagine a more pleasing one for deckchair reading than Antonia Ridge's **"Cousin Jan"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) which the author read in *Woman's Hour*. What a happy Amsterdam forgathering when grandmother Oma invites her married son and three daughters and their nine children for her sixtieth birthday! What a boisterous mingling of French, German, English, Dutch strains! What fun, watching seven couples being wedded in the *Stadhuis*! Later we follow Jan's adventures in the Resistance.

A ducal castle in Apulia amid the enchanting beauty of southern Italy—that, certainly, accords with the holiday mood. Mary Henderson and her married friends Laura and Edward Manning are there themselves on a holiday in Hester W. Chapman's **"Falling Stream"** (Cape, 10s. 6d.). Twenty years earlier Mary hoped to marry Edward herself. Now, at fifty-two, she becomes his mistress, and the complication nearly brings tragedy to the neurotic Laura, disillusionment to Mary.

As a change from Italy, the Brazilian jungle, which Anthony Glyn, Elinor Glyn's grandson, presumably knows since he has worked in the family sugar business in British Guiana. **"The Jungle Of Eden"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) concerns the fortunes of a mixed party landed there by air-pilot Joshua Rogers to found a colony remote from the modern world's atomic aches and pains, and particularly the reactions of three men to the lovely Andrea.

So, too, should be a tale of farming, soothed by the chatter of farmers' wives and the lowing of pedigree herds. It is the real thing—problems and all—when A. G. Street writes of **"Kittle Cattle"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) showing a publisher's son learning farming, setting up on his own, and nearly losing a wife he loves because he puts her second to his durned old cows.

Would I relive nostalgically the war years and their high adventure? I can do so in James Pattinson's **"Soldier, Sail North"** (Harrap, 10s. 6d.), a powerful yarn of Maritime R.A. gunners on the Russian run to Murmansk, including one who has strangled his young wife for "good time" carryings-on during his absence, and hidden her body in a cupboard. The cruel sea cleanses even worse crimes, and raid-bombs help, too, where a body lurks for ultimate finding. This also is the real thing.

In our deckchair we may muse on how often the big things of life turn on the little: dropping into Victoria Station buffet, for example, when we've tried hard for a job we want and are about to give up and go back home. Sally, who (*Continued on page* 68)

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came south from a Newcastle upon Tyne suburb intent on a stage career, does that in Warren Tute's infectious success story, **"Girl In The Limelight"** (Cassell, 10s. 6d.), and is swept up by a forthright painter fellow who begins by wanting to sketch her and ends by helping her to fulfil her dream in theatre, radio, films, love, marriage, everything.

Something unusual had to happen when Susan Standish begged accommodation at a boarding-house kept by two spinster sisters on Christmas Eve. A psychological tangle tackled dramatically in Jean Matheson's **"The Visit"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.).

A vicar murdered in order that a curate may get the living! Tut, tut. But then David Emerson's **"The Curate Of Wakefield"** (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.) had once saved a poor creature from a flogging and should be repaid. I mustn't say more about this early nineteenth-century parochial mystery. Our deckchair approves a neatly wrought period piece by this craftsman.

Up-to-the-minute Ruth Chatterton plunges into a Washington witch-hunt against a young nuclear physicist, and all the conflicting drama it entails, in **"The Betrayers"** (Harrap, 12s. 6d.). I'm not sure that McCarthyism ought to barge into my holiday, but it's a virile story with a crusading Portia fighting for light and freedom, all the same....

Also for August reading:

"Shooting Star," by Robert Neumann (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"The Laughing Stranger,"** by Viña Delmar (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); **"Death In A Dark Pool,"** by Helen and Louwrens Van Rensburg (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.); **"The Wild Honey,"** by Victoria Lincoln (Faber, 12s. 6d.); **"Fetch Her Away,"** by Ruth Adam (Chapman and Hall, 11s. 6d.); **"St. Thomas's Eve,"** by Jean Plaidy (Hale, 10s. 6d.). **"Bon Viveur's London 1954"** (Dakers, 12s. 6d.) is an intimate guide to eating, drinking, shopping and exploring in London. The autobiography of S. Z. Sakall **"The Story Of Cuddles"** (Cassell, 18s.) is a delightful mixture of wry comment and light-hearted tales. **"Chaplin—The Immortal Tramp,"** by R. J. Minney (Newnes, 16s.) is a brilliant survey of Chaplin's art by a close personal friend. A distinguished Colonial Administrator, Sir Philip Mitchell, in **"African Afterthoughts"** (Hutchinson, 18s.) examines present troubles in Africa in the light of the administrative practice directed from London. The **"Singer Sewing Book,"** by Mary Brooks Picken (McGraw-Hill, 25s.) is the revised enlarged edition of the comprehensive guide to sewing in the home. **"Good Food From Italy,"** by Garibaldi M. Lapolla (Muller, 12s. 6d.)—the whys and wherefores of Italian cooking. **"Pietro Annigoni"** (Batsford, £3 3s.) (reviewed in our June issue).

END

Over A Blouse—Under A Suit

(*Continued from page 48*)

THE CARDIGAN (continued)

times across row (68 sts.). Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib, and after 1½ ins. make a buttonhole. Right side facing, rib 3, cast off 7, rib to end. Cast on 7 sts. over cast off ones, on next row. When dark contrast wool measures the same as back, change to light contrast wool (1st row all p.). When this is the same as back, break wool.

Next row.—(Wrong side facing) Change to main wool and No. 11 needles. P. 1, (inc. in next st., p. 4) 13 times, inc. in next st. p. 1 (82 sts.).

2nd row.—Cast on 12 sts., patt. across row (94 sts.). Make buttonholes, as worked on main colour knitting, on 6th row and on every 22nd row following (6 in all) and inc. at end of patt. row (side seam of coat) on every 6th row 9 times (103 sts.). When side seam measures the same as back, cast off, at armhole edge, 4 sts. twice (95 sts.); dec. at this edge on every row 4 times (91 sts.); on every other row twice (89 sts.). After 6th buttonhole has been worked, work 2 rows, then cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next k. row (centre front, 77 sts.). Dec. on this edge on every other row until there are 64 sts., then dec. on every 4th row until 56 sts. remain. Work straight until armhole edge measures the same as back, then cast off, at beg. of p. rows, 8 sts. 5 times, then 16 sts.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work to match right front, reversing all shapings, and omitting buttonholes.

NECK BINDING

With main wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 12 sts. p. 1 row. Work in patt., *and inc. at beg. and dec. at end of every k. row*, keeping 12 sts. After 18½ ins., measured on the shorter edge without stretching, end with a p. row. Cast off 1 st. at beg. of all k. rows, still keeping the dec. at end of k. rows, until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts, except ribbing, under a wet cloth, with a hot iron. All seams to be joined with a back st., ¼ in. down, unless otherwise stated. Join fronts to back at shoulders, press this seam.

SLEEVE BANDS

Right side facing and with light contrast wool and No. 13 needles, pick up and k. 150 sts. around armhole. Work 4 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Break wool, join dark wool.

5th row (wrong side facing).—P. Work 6 rows in rib. Cast off, in rib. Work the other armhole the same way. Turn back, tack and hem the front facings, oversew the buttonholes together. Put the right side of neck facing to right side of coat, tack, and stitch on wrong side of work—ease in the fronts of coat and stretch the facing slightly, to fit. Turn facing over to wrong side, and hem down. Join side seams. Turn up ¾ in. at bottom of coat and hem to wrong side. Press seams and hems. Sew on buttons, matching buttonholes.

THE JUMPER (continued)

Shape Neck.—Wrong side facing; cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of this row, p. to end. Continuing in patt. st., dec. at neck edge on the next 15 (13) rows.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, each starting from armhole end, then the remaining 6 (4) sts.

Note.—Sts. given for shoulder shaping are the basic sts. as there are 4 sts. to a patt., 9 sts. will be 2 patts. and 1 st.

Right side of opening in wear: Slip the 66 (62) sts. for this side on needle, then cast off first st. to give correct number for patt. st. (= 65 (61) sts.).

Patt. st. on these sts. for the 48 rows.

Shape Neck.—Right side facing; as for the other side, and complete neck and shoulder shaping to pair.

TO MAKE THE SLEEVES

Using the No. 13 needles, cast on 123 (121) sts. and rib as for the lower edge for 12 rows. Change to the No. 12 needles, and st.st., and continue straight for 5 (4) ins.

Shape Top.—Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 48 (46) rows of shaping completed, cast off loosely the remaining sts.

TO MAKE UP

Join sides, shoulders and sleeves. Set in sleeves, placing seam to seam at underarm. Using the crochet hook join wool to left neck edge of opening. Work 1 row of d.c. down and around opening, working 1 st. into each knitted st.; then work around the neck edge likewise. Turn and work 3 ch. for first tr., then (1 ch., 1 tr. into 2nd d.c.) all around neck and down right side of opening. Turn and working up opening edge, work a picot into every 2nd space, with 1 ch. over every other space; picot is worked as follows (1 d.c., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 1 d.c.) into every other space. Press under a damp cloth and warm iron. Run through ribbon velvet, securing at left side of neck, and finishing right lower edge of opening with a small bow. Mitre top of right front opening and stitch on the underneath. Sew on press studs to fasten.

END

Soufflés—Sweet And Savoury

(*Continued from page 55*)

Now for a few recipes. I start with the classic *Cheese Soufflé*, because with a few variations, this can become your special dinner-party dish.

Ingredients:

3 oz. cheese (I prefer half Cheddar and half Parmesan, but all Cheddar will do).
2 yolks of eggs.
1 oz. butter.
1½ oz. flour.
1 gill milk.
Salt and pepper.
3 whites of eggs.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour, then add milk gradually, stirring, and bring to the boil. Continue to stir while it cooks for a minute or two, then draw aside to cool slightly. Beat in the yolks one at a time, then add the grated cheese. Season. Lightly fold in the very stiffly beaten whites. They must be stiff enough to form peaks. Turn the mixture into a well-buttered dish, two-thirds filling it, and bake till well-puffed and golden (15-20 minutes). Sprinkle quickly with a little grated cheese, and serve at once.

Using this cheese soufflé as a basis you can make a fish-and-cheese dish as follows:

Take your fillets of sole or plaice, rolled and seasoned, and bake for five minutes only in a buttered dish. Then drain off any liquid, place the partly cooked fish rolls at the bottom of a buttered soufflé dish, and cover quickly with the cheese soufflé mixture. Put at once into the oven and cook for fifteen minutes. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve. Asparagus tips, cooked and drained, or fried mushrooms may replace the fish.

Sweet steamed soufflés are rightly popular, and here is a good basic recipe, which you can vary by adding melted chocolate, rum or any liqueur.

Ingredients:

1 oz. flour.
1 oz. butter.
1 gill milk.
2 yolks and 3 whites.
1 dessertspoon fine sugar.
Vanilla or almond essence.

Butter your soufflé mould or tin. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour and the milk as before. Add the sugar and cook over a low heat, stirring throughout. Then beat the panada hard until it leaves the sides of the pan. It should be perfectly smooth. Add each yolk separately, beating hard, so as to introduce as much air as possible. Then add the stiffly beaten whites, *lightly*, and the essence, or chocolate or liqueur. Place the mixture into the prepared dish, cover the top with a piece of greased paper, and steam for 35 minutes. Serve at once with jam or chocolate sauce (the latter is good with a rum soufflé).

*** The vacuum cleaner fitted with TV suppressors mentioned on page 54 of the July issue is made by G.E.C. not English Electric.*

1.8.54

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"*Most important of all,*" a famous beauty expert once said, "*is the choice of a face powder,*" and there is certainly more to a powder than a pretty box and an engaging perfume. So, in next month's issue, Britannia and EVE spotlights this subject—equally important to any woman who cares about herself and to the up-and-coming teenager. The colour of powder and its texture: what face powders will remain colour true: when is a coarse powder preferable to a fine one: what to do if you are allergic to face powder: the answers to all these and many other equally relevant questions will be found in this authoritative article—illustrated in colour—in the September Britannia and EVE. Other "five-star" features include "*At Home With Jacques Fath*"—a double-page spread with beautiful colour illustrations and 8 pages of *common-sense Fashions in Colour*. Be sure to ask your regular bookstall or newsagent to reserve your copy of

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